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A TREASURE of THE REDWOODS

By *BRET HARTE*

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Part I

MR. JACK FLEMING stopped suddenly before a lifeless and decaying redwood tree with an expression of disgust and impatience. It was the very tree he had passed only an hour before, and he now knew he had been describing that mysterious and hopeless circle familiar enough to those lost in the woods.

There was no mistaking the tree, with its one broken branch which depended at an angle like the arm of a semaphore; nor did it relieve his mind to reflect that his mishap was partly due to his own foolish abstraction. He was returning to camp from a neighboring mining town, and while indulging in the usual day-dreams of a youthful prospector had deviated from his path in attempting to make a short cut through the forest. He had lost the sun, his only guide, in the thickly interlaced boughs above him, which suffused through the long columnar vault only a vague, melancholy twilight. He had evidently penetrated some unknown seclusion—absolutely primeval and untrodden. The thick layers of decaying bark and the desiccated dust of ages deadened his footfall and invested the gloom with a profound silence.

As he stood for a moment or two irresolute, his ear, by this time attuned to the stillness, caught the faint but distinct lap and trickle of water. He was hot and thirsty, and turned instinctively in that direction. A very few paces brought him to a fallen tree; at the foot of its upturned roots gurgled the spring whose upwelling stream had slowly but persistently loosened their hold on the soil and worked their ruin. A pool of cool and clear water formed by the disruption of the soil overflowed, and after a few yards sank again in the sodden floor.

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As he drank and bathed his head and hands in this sylvan basin he noticed the white glitter of a quartz ledge in its depths, and was considerably surprised and relieved to find, hard by, an actual outcrop of that rock through the thick carpet of bark and dust. This betokened that he was near the edge of the forest or some rocky opening. He fancied that the light grew clearer beyond, and the presence of a few fronds of ferns confirmed him in the belief that he was approaching a different belt of vegetation. Presently he saw the vertical beams of the sun again piercing the opening in the distance. With this prospect of speedy deliverance from the forest at last secure, he did not hurry forward, but on the contrary coolly retraced his footsteps to the spring again. The fact was, that the instincts and hopes of the prospector were strongly dominant in him, and having noticed the quartz ledge and the contiguous outcrop he determined to examine them more closely. He had still time to find his way home, and it might not be so easy to penetrate the wilderness again. Unfortunately, he had neither pick, pan nor shovel with him, but a very cursory displacement of the soil around the spring and at the outcrop, with his hands, showed him the usual red soil and decomposed quartz which constituted an "indication." Yet none knew better than himself how disappointing and illusive its results often were, and he regretted that he had not a pan to enable him to test the soil by washing it at the spring. If there were only a miner's cabin handy he could easily borrow what he wanted. It was just the usual luck: "the things a man sees when he hasn't his gun with him!"

He turned impatiently away again in the direction of the opening. When he reached it he found himself on a rocky hillside sloping toward a small, green valley. A light smoke curled above a clump of willows; it was from the chimney of a low dwelling, but a second glance told him that it was no miner's cabin. There was a larger clearing around the house, and some rude attempt at cultivation in a roughly fenced area. Nevertheless, he determined to try his luck in borrowing a pick and pan there; at the worst he could inquire his way to the main road again.

A hurried scramble down the hill brought him to the dwelling—a rambling addition of sheds to the usual log cabin. But he was surprised to find that its exterior, and indeed the palings of the fence around it, were covered with the stretched and drying skins of animals. The pelts of bear, panther, wolf and fox were intermingled with squirrel and wildcat skins, and the displayed wings of eagle, hawk and kingfisher. There was no trail leading to or from the cabin; it seemed to have been lost in this opening of the encompassing woods and left alone and solitary.

The barking of a couple of tethered hounds at last brought a figure to the door of the nearest lean-to shed. It seemed to be that of a young girl, but it was clad in garments so ridiculously large and disproportionate that it was difficult to tell her precise age. A calico dress was pinned up at the skirt and tightly girt at the waist by an apron—so long that one corner had to be tucked in at the apron string, diagonally, to keep the wearer from treading on it. An enormous sunbonnet of yellow nankeen completely concealed her head and face, but allowed two knotted and twisted brown tails of hair to escape under its frilled cape behind. She was evidently engaged in some culinary work, and still held a large tin basin or pan she had been cleaning, clasped to her breast.

Fleming's eye glanced at it covetously, ignoring the figure behind it. But he was diplomatic.

"I have lost my way in the woods. Can you tell me in what direction the main road lies?"

She pointed a small red hand apparently in the direction he had come. "Straight over thar—'cross the hill."

Fleming sighed. He had been making a circuit of the forest instead of going through it—and this open space containing the cabin was on a remote outskirt!

"How far is it to the road?" he asked.

"Just a spell arter ye rise the hill—ef ye keep 'longside the woods. But it's a right smart chance beyond ef ye go through it."

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This was quite plain to him. In the local dialect a "spell" was under a mile; "a right smart chance" might be three or four miles farther. Luckily, the spring and outcrop were near the outskirts; he would pass near them again on his way. He looked longingly at the pan which she still held in her hands. "Would you mind lending me that pan for a little while?" he said half laughingly.

"Wot for?" demanded the girl quickly. Yet her tone was one of childish curiosity rather than suspicion. Fleming would have liked to avoid the question, and the consequent exposure of his discovery which a direct answer implied. But he saw it was too late now.

"I want to wash a little dirt," he said bluntly.

The girl turned her deep sunbonnet toward him. Somewhere in its depths he saw the flash of white teeth. "Go along with ye—ye're funnin'!" she said.

"I want to wash out some dirt in that pan—I'm prospecting for gold," he said; "don't you understand?"

"Are ye a miner?"

"Well, yes—a sort of one," he returned with a laugh.

"Then ye'd better be scootin' out o' this mighty quick, afore dad comes. He don't cotton to miners, and won't have 'em around. That's why he lives out here."

"Well, I don't live out here," responded the young man lightly. "I shouldn't be here if I hadn't lost my way—and in half an hour I'll be off again. So I'm not likely to bother him. But," he added as the girl still hesitated, "I'll leave a deposit for the pan if you like."

"Leave a which?"

"The money that the pan's worth," said Fleming impatiently.

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The huge sunbonnet stiffly swung around like the windsail of a ship and stared at the horizon. "I don't want no money. Ye kin git," said the voice in its depths.

"Look here," he said desperately, "I only wanted to prove to you that I'll bring your pan back safe. Now look! If you don't like to take money—I'll leave this ring with you until I come back. There!" He slipped a small specimen ring, made out of his first gold findings, from his little finger.

The sunbonnet slowly swung around again and stared at the ring. Then the little red right hand reached forward, took the ring, placed it on the forefinger of the left hand, with all the other fingers widely extended for the sunbonnet to view, and all the while the pan was still held against her side by the other hand. Fleming noticed that the hands, though tawny and not over clean, were almost childlike in size, and that the forefinger was much too small for the ring. He tried to fathom the depths of the sunbonnet, but it was dented on one side, and he could only discern a single pale blue eye and a thin black arch of eyebrow.

"Well," said Fleming, "is it a go?"

"Of course ye'll be coming back for it again," said the girl slowly.

There was so much of hopeless disappointment at that prospect in her voice that Fleming laughed outright. "I'm afraid I shall—for I value the ring very much," he said.

The girl handed him the pan. "It's our bread pan," she said.

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It might have been anything, for it was by no means new; indeed, it was battered on one side and the bottom seemed to have been broken; but it would serve, and Fleming was anxious to be off. "Thank you," he said briefly, and turned away. The hound barked again as he passed; he heard the girl say, "Shut your head, Tige!" and saw her turn back into the kitchen still holding the ring before the sunbonnet.

When he reached the woods he attacked the outcrop he had noticed, and detached with his hands and the aid of a sharp rock enough of the loose soil to fill the pan. This he took to the spring, and, lowering the pan in the pool, began to wash out its contents with the centrifugal movement of the experienced prospector. The saturated red soil overflowed the brim with that liquid ooze known as "slumgullion" and turned the crystal pool to the color of blood until the soil was washed away. Then the smaller stones were carefully removed and examined, and then another washing of the now nearly empty pan showed the fine black sand covering the bottom. This was in turn as gently washed away.

Alas! the clean pan showed only one or two minute glistening yellow scales, like pinheads, adhering from their specific gravity to the bottom; gold, indeed, but merely enough to indicate "the color," and common to ordinary prospecting in his own locality.

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He tried another panful with the same result. He became aware that the pan was leaky and that infinite care alone prevented the bottom from falling out during the washing. Still it was an experiment—and the result a failure.

Fleming was too old a prospector to take his disappointment seriously. Indeed, it was characteristic of that performance and that period that failure left neither hopelessness nor loss of faith behind it; the prospector had simply miscalculated the exact locality, and was equally as ready to try his luck again. But Fleming thought it high time to return to his own mining work in camp, and at once set off to return the pan to its girlish owner and recover his ring.

As he approached the cabin again he heard the sound of singing. It was evidently the girl's voice, uplifted in what seemed to be a fragment of some negro camp-meeting hymn:

"Dar was a poor man and his name it was Lazarum,
Lord bress de Lamb—glory hallelugerum!
Lord bress de Lamb!"

The first two lines had a brisk movement, accented apparently by the clapping of hands or the beating of a tin pan, but the refrain, "Lord bress de Lamb," was drawn out in a lugubrious chant of infinite tenuity.

"The rich man died and he went straight to hellerum,
Lord bress de Lamb—glory hallelugerum!
Lord bress de Lamb!"

Fleming paused at the cabin door. Before he could rap the voice rose again:

"When ye see a poo' man be sure to give him crumbsorum,
Lord bress de Lamb—glory hallelugerum!
Lord bress de Lamb!"

At the end of this interminable refrain, drawn out in a youthful nasal contralto, Fleming knocked. The girl instantly appeared, holding the ring in her fingers. "I reckoned it was you," she said with an affected briskness to conceal her evident dislike at parting with the trinket. "There it is!"

But Fleming was too astounded to speak. With the opening of the door the sunbonnet had fallen back like a buggy top, disclosing, for the first time, the head and shoulders of the wearer. She was not a child, but a smart young woman of seventeen or eighteen, and much of his embarrassment arose from the consciousness that he had no reason whatever for having believed her otherwise.

"I hope I didn't interrupt your singing," he said awkwardly.

"It was only one o' mammy's camp-meeting songs," said the girl.

"Your mother? Is she in?" he said, glancing past the girl into the kitchen.

"'Tain't mother—she's dead. Mammy's our old nurse. She's gone to Jimtown and taken my duds to get some new ones fitted to me. These are some o' mother's."

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This accounted for her strange appearance; but Fleming noticed that the girl's manner had not the slightest consciousness of their unbecomingness, nor of the charms of face and figure they had marred.

"THEN YE'D BETTER BE SCOOTIN' OUT O' THIS MIGHTY QUICK, AFORE DAD COMES. HE DON'T COTTON TO MINERS"

She looked at him with her lavender eyes curiously. "Hev you got religion?"

"Well, no!" said Fleming, laughing; "I'm afraid not."

"Dad hez—he's got it pow'ful."

"Is that the reason he don't like miners?" asked Fleming.

"'Take not to yourself the mammon of unrighteousness,'" said the girl with the confident air of repeating a lesson. "That's what the Book says."

"But I read the Bible, too," said the young man.

"Dad says, 'The letter killeth!'" said the girl sententiously.

Fleming looked at the trophies nailed on the walls with a vague wonder if this peculiar Scriptural destructiveness had anything to do with his skill as a marksman. The girl followed his eye.

"Dad's a mighty hunter afore the Lord."

"What does he do with these skins?"

"Trades 'em off for grub and fixin's. But he don't believe in trottin' round in the mud for gold."

"Don't you suppose these animals would have preferred it if he had? Gold hunting takes nothing from anybody."

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The girl stared at him, and then, to his great surprise, laughed instead of being angry. It was a very fascinating laugh in her imperfectly nourished pale face, and her little teeth revealed the bluish milky whiteness of pips of young Indian corn.

"Wot yer lookin' at?" she said frankly.

"You," he replied with equal frankness.

"It's them duds," she said looking down at her dress; "I reckon I ain't got the hang o' 'em."

Yet there was not the slightest tone of embarrassment or even coquetry in her manner as with both hands she tried to gather in the loose folds around her waist.

"Let me help you," he said gravely.

She lifted up her arms with childlike simplicity and backed toward him as he stepped behind her, drew in the folds and pinned them around what proved a very small waist indeed. Then he untied the apron, took it off, folded it in half and retied its curtailed proportions around the waist. "It does feel a heap easier," she said with a little shiver of satisfaction, as she lifted her round cheek and the tail of her blue eyes with their brown lashes over her shoulder. It was a tempting moment—but Jack felt that the whole race of gold hunters was on trial just then, and was adamant! Perhaps he was a gentle fellow at heart, too.

"I could loop up that dress also if I had more pins," he remarked tentatively. Jack had sisters of his own.

The pins were forthcoming. In this operation—a kind of festooning—the girl's petticoat, a piece of common washed-out blue flannel, as pale as her eyes, but of the commonest material, became visible, but without fear or reproach to either.

"There, that looks more tidy," said Jack, critically surveying his work and a little of the small ankles revealed. The girl also examined it carefully by its reflection on the surface of the saucepan. "Looks a little like a chiny girl, don't it?"

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Jack would have resented this, thinking she meant a Chinese, until he saw her pointing to a cheap crockery ornament, representing a Dutch shepherdess, on the shelf. There was some resemblance.

"You beat mammy out o' sight!" she said gleefully. "It will jest set her clear crazy when she sees me."

"Then you had better say you did it yourself," said Fleming.

"Why?" asked the girl, suddenly opening her eyes on him with relentless frankness.

"You said your father didn't like miners, and he mightn't like your lending your pan to me."

"I'm more afraid o' lyin' than o' dad," she said with an elevation of moral sentiment that was, however, slightly weakened by the addition: "Mammy'll say anything I'll tell her to say."

"Well, good-by," said Fleming, extending his hand.

"Ye didn't tell me what luck ye had with the pan," she said, delaying taking his hand.

Fleming shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, my usual luck—nothing," he returned with a smile.

"Ye seem to keer more for gettin' yer old ring back than for any luck," she continued. "I reckon you ain't much o' a miner."

"I'm afraid not."

"Ye didn't say what yer name was, in case dad wants to know."

"I don't think he will want to—but it's John Fleming."

She took his hand. "You didn't tell me yours," he said, holding the little red fingers, "in case *I* wanted to know."

It pleased her to consider the rejoinder intensely witty. She showed all her little teeth, threw away his hand and said: "G'long with ye, Mr. Fleming. It's Tinka——"

"Tinker?"

"Yes; short for Katinka—Katinka Jallinger."

"Good-by, Miss Jallinger."

"Good-by. Dad's name is Henry Boone Jallinger, of Kentucky—ef ye was ever askin'."

"Thank you."

He turned away as she swiftly reëntered the house. As he walked away he half expected to hear her voice uplifted again in the camp-meeting chant—but he was disappointed. When he reached the top of the hill he turned and looked back at the cabin.

She was apparently waiting for this, and waved him an adieu with the humble pan he had borrowed. It flashed a moment dazzlingly as it caught the declining sun, and then went out—even obliterating the little figure behind it.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

Editor's Note—A Treasure of the Redwoods is the first of three stories of the golden days in young California which Bret Harte is writing for The Saturday Evening Post.

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IN THOMSON'S WOODS

By FORREST CRISSEY

I WONDER if, in Thomson's woods,
The violets push their modest hoods
Through bedded leaves which frosts and suns
Have wasted to frail skeletons—
Networks of silver veins, to strain
Sunlight and shadow, dew and rain,
Into a nectar that shall thrill
Hearts of new violets, and fill,
With odors of the budding wood,
Each heart within each blushing hood.

I wonder if, in Thomson's wood,
The partridge rears her speckled brood,
And scuds away among the brush
When alien footsteps break the hush
That hangs above her mossy nest
And dwells within her mottled breast.
I wonder if the springtime brings
The whir of countless pigeons' wings—
The thousand springtime signs and sounds
With which my memory abounds.

I wonder if the summer night
Is threaded with the wheeling flight
Of hooded whippoorwill, whose cry,
Like wail of ghost, goes shudd'ring by.
I wonder if the beeches wave
As soft a shimmer o'er thy grave,
Sweet girl, as when the hunter's moon
Turned midnight into brightest noon,
And first I kissed you, as we stood,
That night of nights! in Thomson's wood!

OUR NATIONAL REAL-ESTATE DEALS

The Purchase of Louisiana

By LYMAN J. GAGE, Secretary of the Treasury

THE negotiations which resulted in what is called the Louisiana Purchase are among the most interesting of our history. They were carried on at a time when France was under the influence of Napoleon, and many of the incidents of the great transaction reveal the peculiar characteristics of that genius. The American Minister was compelled to resort to many expedients in order to reach the mind of the First Consul, and the diplomatic record exhibits well the wonderful patience and tact of Mr. Livingston in his efforts to carry out the wishes of Jefferson and his Secretary of State, Madison. Livingston, writing of Napoleon and his imperial will, said:

"One man is everything. He seldom asks advice, and never hears it unasked."

Great events frequently bear only incidental relation to human effort. The acquisition of Louisiana was not at first contemplated by our Government. That territory, prior to the beginning of the present century, had for more than thirty years been under Spanish dominion. When Napoleon's star was well in its ascendency, vague rumors came to this country that France was about to regain her lost colony. These rumors carried the information also that a great Army was to be sent, which, as long as it remained in Louisiana, would be a standing menace to the peace of our Western border. The possession of the mouth of the Mississippi was also a matter of vital importance, since only by the great river was there an effective outlet for the products of the vast country west of the mountains. So long as Louisiana remained a province of Spain there was little occasion for worry among those charged with the conduct of affairs in that day, because, by the treaty with Spain, freedom of navigation on the Mississippi and a free outlet to the sea had been secured to us.

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HOW THE SITUATION WAS COMPLICATED

To add to the anxiety occasioned by rumors of a change, France had grown cold in her friendship for the United States, and many of our citizens were pressing claims against that country on account of the spoliation of our commerce. All in all, the proposed recession of Louisiana to France was looked upon as being fraught with great danger to our welfare. It followed that the first efforts made by this Government were to defeat the treaty of recession.

Our Minister to England took occasion to point out to British officials the danger Napoleon's possessions in the New World might mean to British interests. An attempt was made to induce Spain to withdraw the treaty. During all the months these efforts were being made it was not definitely known that the French were to regain possession of Louisiana. When, after many fruitless efforts, the American representatives were certain of the change, with admirable skill and tact they turned their attention to the question of purchase direct from France. Naturally enough, the settlement of the claims of our citizens who had suffered by reason of French spoliations was made a part of the negotiations. In fact, as early as December, 1801, before it was yet definitely known whether Spain had receded the territory, Mr. Livingston hinted to one of the French Ministers that a means existed of paying their debts, to which the reply was made, "None but spendthrifts satisfy their debts by selling their lands." Nevertheless, when the efforts of the United States to effect the purchase became successful, these claims were included in the terms of settlement.

From 1801 to 1803 efforts to induce Napoleon to part with his recently acquired colony were constantly made. The prospect of war with Great Britain is alleged to have greatly influenced the mind of the First Consul, so that he readily yielded to the demands of the American Ministers, Mr. Livingston having been joined by James Monroe.

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THE PURCHASE TREATY OF 1803

On the thirtieth of April, 1803, a treaty was entered into between the United States and the French Republic. On the one hand, the First Consul, "desiring to give to the United States a strong proof of his friendship," ceded to the United States, in the name of the French Republic, forever and in full sovereignty, the said territory; while on the other, the Government of the United States engaged to pay to the French Government sixty millions of francs, exclusive of the sum to be agreed upon in settlement of debts due by France to citizens of the United States. According to the second article of the convention between the United States and the French Republic, signed on the same day, April 30, 1803, or, by the French calendar of that time, the tenth day of Floréal, eleventh year of the French Republic, for the payment of this sixty millions of francs the United States was required to create a stock of $11,250,000, bearing an interest of six per cent. per annum, payable half-yearly in London, Amsterdam or Paris. The principal of the stock was to be reimbursed at the Treasury of the United States in annual payments of not less than $3,000,000 a year, of which the payment was to commence fifteen years after the date of the exchange of ratifications. It was agreed that the dollar of the United States should be fixed at 5.3333 francs, or five livres, eight sous tournois.

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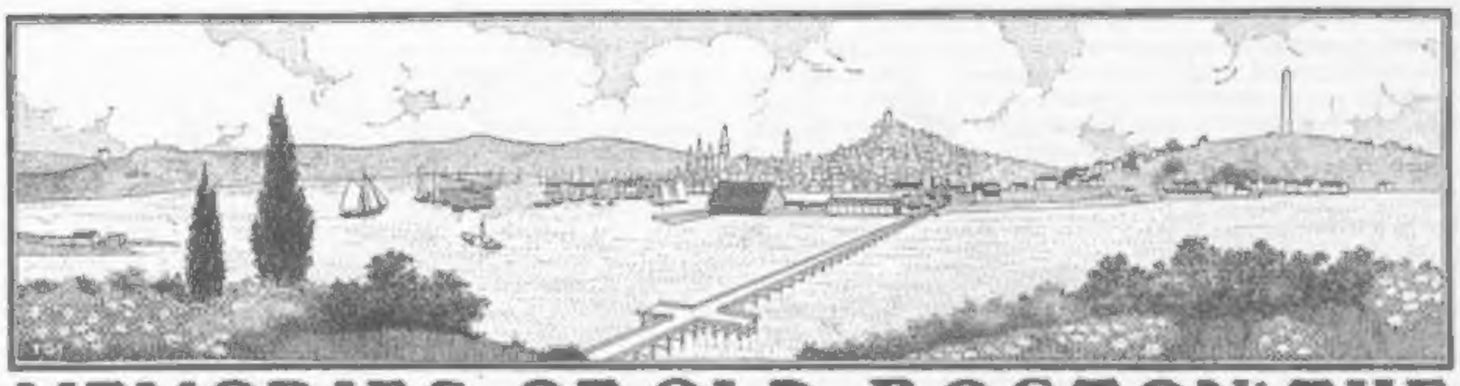
ADJUSTING THE SPOLIATION CLAIMS

A second convention was entered into on the same day with respect to the debts due citizens of the United States. The amount of these claims was estimated at $5,000,000, but as a result of the negotiations only $3,750,000 were set aside for reimbursing American claimants. This sum, together with that paid to France direct, makes the $15,000,000 which is commonly referred to as the price paid for Louisiana, comprising all that vast territory from which have been carved so many rich and populous States.

The stock issued in accordance with the treaty became known as the "Louisiana stock." The act of authorizing the loan provided that the Secretary of the Treasury might consent to discharge the stock in four equal annual installments, and also to shorten the time fixed by the convention for commencing reimbursement. Redemption of the stock began in 1812, and by 1823 the whole amount was paid. No stock was issued for the portion reserved to pay American citizens, their claims being paid in money, except the sum of $11,731.02, carried to the surplus fund June 30, 1868.

Editor's Note—This is the second of three articles on Our National Real-Estate Deals which Secretary Gage has written for the Post.



MEMORIES OF OLD BOSTON: THE CITY AND THE MEN IN THE FIFTIES

By *EDWARD EVERETT HALE*

MR. GEORGE FISHER, in his wise and entertaining studies of colonial times, brings down his speculations on the Puritans to our own day. As he closes his chapters on Massachusetts, he says:

"The literature of Massachusetts has stopped. It is impossible to find for it any competent successor." He says truly that what he calls "the old order" compared very favorably with their contemporaries in England. And among authors he cites Longfellow, Lowell, Hawthorne and Holmes as equal in English reputation to the English writers. "But their successors, even in the United States at large, are weak and puny . . . simpering, superficial and super-refined." And he tries to account for such a change on his own sagacious and well-considered theories of American life.

I have been asked to attempt some picture of the life of Boston in the years between 1840 and 1860, when what may fairly be called the "Boston literary school" was at its best. I should not try to do it but with the thought that the utter change between the Boston of 1840 and the Boston of 1860 accounts, to a certain degree, for the changes observed by Mr. Fisher in the literary life of New England.

In the first place, the Boston of 1840 was a place of 93,000 people. The Boston of 1860 was almost twice as large; there were 177,000 people within the same limits. The accessions were almost wholly persons of foreign blood or parentage, mostly Irishmen, the original population of Boston having been almost wholly of New England blood and Puritan antecedents. In the Boston of 1840 it would be fair to say that everybody knew everybody. In the Boston of 1860 the old stagers knew each other, but there was a wholly new Boston beginning to assert itself, of which the old Boston, speaking roughly, knew little or nothing.

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A SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF IMMIGRATION

Some antiquarian collections may disclose, no doubt, the circulars of an amiable society of Partingtons who, as early as the thirties of the century, had established an office on Long Wharf in Boston, and maintained a secretary, for the purpose of arresting the current of Irish immigration. They printed circulars and sent them to Ireland to persuade the people of Ireland that they had better stay at home. Before 1860 these same people and their children, their "heirs and assigns," as the lawyers would say, were sending agents into Canada to bring down emigrants thence, and were using all the means in their power to stimulate the emigration from Ireland.

The contrasts between the beginning of these twenty years and the end are almost as much moral as physical. I find it difficult to make anybody understand in our time what were the aspirations and expectations of conscientious people in those years before the middle of the century. Andrew Jackson and the people who chose him had fairly launched the United States on its career as a Government of the people, for the people and by the people. Before their time there had been a great deal of feudalism left here, and the "upper classes," as they called themselves, really supposed that the government of the country was in their hands, and that the great body of the people had little or nothing to say about it, whether they had, or not, the privilege of voting. All this was changed in the eight years between 1829 and 1837. In 1840 Boston was beginning to find this out.

Again, since the century began the whole world had entered on the revolution in religion which has marked in such a signal way the nineteenth century—that is to say, a world which had been taught that all men at their birth were totally depraved was beginning to find out that all men are "partakers of the Divine nature." In no region was this discovery accented as it was in New England, especially in Massachusetts and among the religious leaders of Massachusetts.

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PLANNING FOR AN EARLY MILLENNIUM

Whether they called themselves Evangelical or whether they did not, whether they called themselves Orthodox or not, the change was pronounced and absolute in lines of religious inquiry and organization. There was, therefore, a definite and real feeling that the social order might be changed, and changed soon, so that God should reign, at least in New England, if He did not reign anywhere else; that in New England the Kingdom of God might come within the next half-century. If you went, for instance, to the House of Reformation, you went with people who really supposed that the bad boys or the bad men whom you saw there could be made, and probably would be made, valuable members of society. If you established an institution for the blind you established it on a scale sufficient to take in, eventually, all the blind people in Massachusetts. You really had schools of little children established by enthusiasts on the theory that as the children were the latest arrivals from Heaven they had the latest advices, and that they were to instruct their elders.

Once more, the machinery of "societies," to do what different orders of priests do in the Catholic church, or what, under other administrations, is beyond individuals, seemed successful. People really thought that you could make a thousand men and women combine in an effort for education, for temperance, or for peace; that they could each contribute the thousandth part of a life, and that a mosaic could be made of the thousand thousandths, which should manage the business in hand better than one strong man who thought of nothing else and was willing to die in the cause.

The great missionary societies, beginning with the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions in 1816, the great temperance societies, the peace societies, and the anti-slavery societies were illustrations. It would be fair to say that everything was turned over to a society: instead of having a John Howard to visit prisons, you had a Prison Discipline Society. And the numbness which follows on such a blundering system had not yet been detected.

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THE LARGEST VILLAGE IN NEW ENGLAND

Physically, the Boston of 1840 really deserved the name which The Hague bears to-day. They say that The Hague is "the largest village in Europe"; Boston was the largest village in New England. The great railway system was in its infancy. The town kept up its communication with the rest of the world by a capitally organized system of sailing-packets, sloops and schooners, which connected it with Halifax, Bangor and Portland on the northeast, with Hartford, New York and Baltimore, Richmond and Albany on the west and south.

For New England this side of Connecticut River and Kennebec River, great wagons drawn by fine teams of horses brought down the scanty produce of the farms, or the potash, and even fur, from the woods. The teamsters, who remind one of the captains of caravans in the East, came to anchor in certain large sheds on the "Neck" which united old Boston to the mainland; they poured out their corn for their horses to eat, and for themselves, in an "hourly" stage, rode into the business part of the town to inquire of their consignees where the pots of butter or the boxes of potash were to be delivered.

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HOW THE PROSPEROUS FOLKS LIVED

The millionaire of the day, after his two o'clock dinner, walked out to the back of his house, and smoked his cigar under a pear tree in his own garden. If his wife thought she would like to go to ride in the afternoon he sent to a great wooden stable in the neighborhood, which with its appurtenances covered perhaps acres of the land of the little peninsula, for his carriage and his horses. Every house was supplied with its water by pumps, which drew from wells varying in depth from twenty feet to fifty feet a brackish liquid, whose salty taste was really preferred by the genuine Bostonian to that of the simpler water of the country.

Almost all the streets were paved. The larger streets were gradually accustoming themselves to sidewalks. They were, as they are, narrow. They followed in general the lines of the hills or of the shores, and were not laid out on any mathematical plan; so much the better for them. The people who lived here, in many cases, had moved into Boston from the country towns of New England. They had enjoyed on the whole, since the establishment of the Federal Constitution, fifty years of great prosperity.

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NEW ENGLAND'S FACTORIES AND FOREIGN TRADE

So far as national affairs went, the statesmen of the South, with an interesting pertinacity, were constantly attempting to destroy New England. New England was not indifferent to these efforts; but whatever the national enactment, New England made it enure to her own benefit. Before the forties, because the South had chosen to put on a high tariff, the New Englanders had said, "As you choose," and had established great manufacturing establishments which were prosperous. At the same time they maintained their enormous foreign commerce, the commerce of which Burke had said, seventy-five years before, that they had whitened both oceans with their sails.

They were a rich people and a very proud people. Literally, there was nothing which they did not think they could accomplish, and nothing to which they did not think they had a right. Their carpets were to be the best carpets, their broadcloth the best broadcloth, their dinners the best dinners, and their wines the best wines, in the world.

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THEIR PRIDE IN HARVARD AND IN DANIEL WEBSTER

They meant that their college—Harvard College, just across the river—should be at the head of the world in literature and science. And it was a melancholy mortification to their leaders that this unknown West should have sent Andrew Jackson, a Western scout, to Washington; should have sent an unknown intriguer like Martin Van Buren to follow him, when the country might have had a Massachusetts man like John Quincy Adams for its President.

Politically speaking, the Boston of 1840 was under the control of the Northern party—almost always in the minority—which in the year 1835 began to call

itself the Whig party. This was a convenient name because it meant, practically, the party of opposition; it pledged people to nothing, and it had liberal traditions. The leaders of this party were constantly coquetting with Southern soreheads, and occasionally got the vote of North Carolina and Louisiana. It was just as the Southern oligarchy coquetted with New York and Pennsylvania, and generally got the great balancing aid of those States.

Of the Whig party in Massachusetts it may be said now that its dominant desire and practice was to do what Daniel Webster wished. I doubt if he interfered at all with the management of internal political affairs. But he expressed its national policy; and the statement might be reversed, that the party in Massachusetts expressed his.

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WEBSTER'S RULE IN POLITICS

The country is now beginning to recognize the truth that to the definite "nationalism" of this great statesman the country of to-day owed more than it knew. When, in 1850, he said proudly and bitterly that Massachusetts must "conquer her prejudices," he wounded to the heart many old and dear friends and admirers. But saying this, he was asking Massachusetts to do what he had done himself. It is a simple fact that Daniel Webster, who began political life in New Hampshire, who then removed to Boston, who lived afterward in the city of Washington for the greater part of the last twenty-five years of his life, was by this experience alone trained to think first of the Empire known as "the United-States"—the "United States with a hyphen," as I am apt to call it—rather than as a citizen of New Hampshire or of Massachusetts.

It was not till his rule of the politics of Massachusetts had ended that the State refused to display the Stars and Stripes on its State House. And it is to be remembered that when the great crisis of 1861 came, every man who went into the Army in Massachusetts, if he had been trained in a Massachusetts school, had stood on a platform in the schoolroom to quote from Mr. Webster with all the enthusiasm of which boyhood is capable, "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable."

It is interesting now, when we begin to have glimpses of the thoughts and feelings of the men of his time, to contrast the early admiration which Waldo Emerson and his contemporaries expressed in early life with their lamentations of what they call his fall in 1850.

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THE POWER OF A CLUB OF TWELVE

Not long ago a New England statesman of great wisdom and experience asked me if in my boyhood a certain club of twelve gentlemen in Boston controlled the Whig politics of the State. He asked me, because my father, Nathan Hale, was one of the club. He said that in the democratic circles in which he was born and bred there was an impression that this central circle of Boston gentlemen managed the whole affair. I was amazed and amused, for I remembered well the Friday Night Club: a circle of admirable men who met once a fortnight at each other's houses and ate the best supper which Boston knew how to give. It had never occurred to me in boyhood, youth, manhood or old age that they controlled anything. But looking back on the simple way in which politics take care of themselves, I have come to think that the suggestion of my distinguished friend was practically true, though I had never even suspected it before. Nathan Appleton and James K. Mills, of that club, were two distinguished merchants and manufacturers. When Mr. Appleton liked, he represented Boston in Congress. Of other members, the Curtises, whom Edmund Quincy, in his very funny letters to the Tribune, used to call "the Curtii," and Charles G. Loring were leaders at the bar; Thomas Motley and William Sturgis were great ship-owners, and knew all about the Northwest coast; Judge Shaw was the man of whom Rufus Choate said, "We see that he is ugly, but we know that he is great"; Doctor Hayward, son of the Surgeon-General of the Revolution, was a leading medical authority; Thomas W. Ward was a banker of distinction, and my father the founder and director of the Daily Advertiser. If twelve such men, between their *pâté de foie* and their walnuts, chose to make suggestions and agree on policies for the State of Massachusetts, I suppose the State got no harm. But before twenty years were over the present machinery of nominating conventions got itself established.

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THE APPEARANCE OF CHARLES SUMNER

On the other side of the House the policy of the few leaders of the Democratic party was to keep their party "conveniently small." With the "era of good feeling" their voters had generally joined with the rest of Massachusetts. This left a few men of intelligence and tact, who liked to be postmasters, collectors, naval officers and the like, and who had their office during the long period of Democratic ascendency in the Washington councils.

Charles Sumner, who, by a very curious coalition of the extreme pro-slavery and the extreme anti-slavery voters, was chosen to the United States Senate in 1851, was in 1840 well established in the regard of those who knew him. He was at this time thirty years old, a young man of fine personal presence, a most laborious student, and he had attracted the special admiration of Joseph Story, who was then at his prime as a Judge in the Supreme Court.

Sumner had all the courage of his convictions, was quite indifferent to personal or selfish considerations, and from year to year, as he was better and better known, gained a sort of personal homage such as I have hardly known in any other instance in the somewhat unenthusiastic life of New England. Many a man and woman who never saw him were his loyal supporters to the end of his career.

A good deal has been said in one place and another about the "social ostracism" by which Sumner's life is supposed to have been attacked in Boston. I must say here that I think this is almost nonsense. There were probably three or four of his old friends who did not ask him to dinner after he was chosen Senator. But, really, a man who was in close, personal intimacy with Longfellow, with Felton, the President of the college, with Edward Everett, and fifty families of such people, cannot have been much distressed if there were even five or six houses in Boston where people did not remember that they had once known him. It ought to be said that in general society his manner was awkward. He made himself the most unpopular man in the United States Senate by a certain self-consciousness which people mistook for arrogance.

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THE REAL INFLUENCES IN BOSTON'S LIFE

Edward Everett was in Florence in 1840, and remained there until, on the election of General Harrison, Mr. Webster named him as our Minister to Great Britain. When he returned from England he became President of Harvard College, and does not, therefore, strictly come into the life of Boston in the years following 1840. But Cambridge practically is Boston. He was very much admired in Massachusetts, but he was so shy that, while he was admired and loved in the immediate circle of his friends, it cannot be said that he was known by the people at large.

This much for the people who represented Massachusetts in 1840 or afterward in what are called public affairs. But the real life of Boston in that decade was not nearly so much controlled by the accidents of events as it was by the thought and work of men and women who were doing the duty next their hand just as they chose, quite independent of caucuses or of ballots. It would be unnecessary to speak of Garrison and Phillips among such people—William Lloyd Garrison, the editor of The Liberator, or Wendell Phillips, whose eloquence was and is unmatched by any of the public speakers of New England. Nathaniel Hawthorne, who was weigher and gauger of customs at the Port of Boston in 1839, 1840 and 1841, came to Boston in the work of an editor of a modest illustrated magazine. Some of the best things he ever wrote were printed in that journal. He was quite indifferent to general society; when you met him you met a handsome, shy, quiet young man, who could be, however, stirred up to saying something which marked him, I should say, before he was five-and-twenty, as the man whom the world came to know so well.

JAMES T. FIELD

Hawthorne married Miss Peabody, in whose father's house a little foreign bookstore was kept, where assembled for years the best-read people in Eastern Massachusetts, and where friendships were formed, causes were pressed forward, and subjects of politics, sociology, fine art were discussed by intelligent people of every grade. Doctor Howe, known throughout the world as the teacher of Laura Bridgman, had already established the institution for the blind. Lowell, in 1841, was publishing in the Boston Miscellany his first important poems, and soon after he published A Year's Life, which is now a book precious to collectors.

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THE NEW ENGLAND HISTORIANS

Dr. John Gorham Palfrey, for many years the editor of the North American Review, better remembered now as the historian of New England, once called my attention to the causes which made what you may call the Historical School of New England writers. Prominent among them are Bancroft, Prescott, Sparks, Palfrey himself, Hildreth, Motley, Higginson and Parkman, all great names in American literature.

Doctor Palfrey said that if a young Boston gentleman wanted to study anything he must study American history. Simply, there was nothing else to study. Young students now have the literature of the world at their command in the great libraries. It was not so then in Boston. But they did have, fortunately for them and fortunately for us, the printed authorities.

Doctor Palfrey said that the early formation of the Library of the Massachusetts Historical Society, the character of the libraries of the Boston Athenæum and of Harvard College, had a great deal to do with this drift of young men's minds and studies in the direction of history. From 1791 downward the Historical Society had been collecting materials of American history—the history of America. It should be remembered that Mr. Motley began his career as an author by work in the history of Boston.

At this very time a set of young fellows, all of whom have since been marked in one way and another, was carrying on the Mercantile Library Association. Webster, Everett, Holmes, Parsons, and, indeed, all the best of the literary set, delivered lectures or poems before this active society.

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LONGFELLOW'S GREAT POPULARITY

Longfellow came to Cambridge as early as 1836. He was, of course, a great favorite among all intelligent people. He was frank and simple in his manner. He made all his students fond of him, and Harvard College was then nicknamed "the high school of Boston." Holmes was a professor, first in the medical school at Dartmouth and then at that of Harvard. Well known in all society, he was not giving himself at that moment to the literary effort which made him so distinguished, but his genius was recognized.

The Boston Athenæum, so soon as it was formed, spent its funds mostly in the line of similar studies. In 1880 Mr. Thorndike, one of the Boston princes, bought for Harvard College the Ebeling collection of Americana—such a collection as no wealth could bring together to-day.

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THE "YANKEE PLATO" COMES INTO PROMINENCE

In 1839 the first of the series of Lowell lectures was delivered. This called in people from a distance; eventually Agassiz was brought to this country by the magnetism of this centre. Doctor Silliman, the New Haven geologist, came to Boston also, and showed the Boston people what some of them did not know, that there was a world more than ten miles from the State House. Under the lead of Samuel Eliot, the father of the present President of Harvard College, the great works of Beethoven and other composers were brought forward with proper dignity in evening concerts.

Mr. Waldo Emerson was beginning to assume his place. People did not yet call him "the Buddha of the West," nor the "Yankee Plato," but a circle of hearers larger and larger went to his winter courses of lectures. People were no longer afraid of the name of Transcendentalism. The great anti-slavery revolt was beginning to divide leaders of politics between the "conscience Whigs" and the "cotton Whigs." The popular interest grew intense and the discussions on all sides were earnest and constant.

In the utter freedom which reigned, to the surprise of all "respectable" people or people of position, there came in conventions to discuss the questions regarding the Sabbath, marriage, women's rights, and forty other subjects which people had supposed were settled.

Miller, a prophet now forgotten, told everybody that the world was to come to an end on the twentieth of March, 1842, and there were regular meetings of his followers, who were engaged in preparing their ascension robes and in persuading other people to do the same. The Mormons already had a hold in Boston, and maintained their first congregations there as early as 1842 or 1843.

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THE WORK OF THE YOUNGER GENERATION

At about that period, I remember, I was at a dinner-party in one of the most dignified of the old Boston families, and the conversation turned on the appointment of a Superintendent of State education and of the normal schools of the State—the first normal school had been established in 1839. Our host, a gentleman everywhere respected, said with perfect coolness that Massachusetts must be prepared to go forth to the world alone and to maintain her own institutions, because the permanency of the Union was quite uncertain. This was the first time that I had ever heard a sensible man express this possibility. And if the truth were known, this younger generation was growing up with that determination that the union of the United States should be preserved which showed itself in the Civil War. It is this younger generation which had its hand in changing the Boston of 1840 to the Boston of 1880.

The reader of these few lines may well say that here was every element of chaos. And so this would seem to a person brought up under an autocracy or an aristocracy. In truth, these were the different bubbles which rose on the water as it grew hotter and hotter. But the strength of democracy consists in this, that it gives a voice to every man who wishes to speak, it tries every experiment which is lucidly and sensibly presented. Under the great law of selection, that which ought to succeed succeeds. And under the government of a righteous God, that which is foolish and wicked fails.

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The Historian of Old Boston

REV. DR. EDWARD EVERETT HALE recently resigned the pastorate of the South Congregational Church, of which he had been the head for forty-three years, but the people declined to accept his resignation. He was born in Boston, April 3, 1822. For fifty years he has been a constant contributor to literature, and the long list of his books includes fiction, essays, history, Biblical criticism, biography and travel.

SUCCESS THAT COSTS TOO MUCH

By Charles F. Wingate

"We have had somewhat too much of 'the Gospel of Work'; it is time to preach 'the Gospel of Relaxation.'"—Herbert Spencer

IT SEEMS a fitting time to repeat the warning of the great English philosopher when public attention has just been called to the sudden decease of four notable Americans: Henry B. Hyde, founder of the largest insurance company in the world, with twice the salary of President McKinley; ex-Governor Roswell P. Flower, organizer and builder-up of great commercial properties; Frank Thomson, who for thirty-eight years was connected with the Pennsylvania Railroad, rising from the lowest rank to be President, with a salary of $50,000; and Augustin Daly, the great dramatic author and theatrical manager. All four were country-born and endowed with exceptional health and vigor.

With proper care they should have reached the Psalmist's allotted term of years, or possibly rivaled Gladstone's marvelous career. Yet they were stricken down in the prime of life, when their training and ripened experience promised a future of marked and increasing usefulness.

All four were typical Americans, and they had hosts of friends. I have never seen a larger or more distinguished gathering than at Mr. Hyde's funeral, while the church could not contain the throng of Governor Flower's mourners. Neither was grasping nor a seeker after notoriety. Mr. Hyde sunk his personality in the Equitable, and never allowed his photograph or biography to be published. Governor Flower gave freely in charity, and his public services in Congress and at Albany were invaluable.

President Thomson united rare executive ability and mastery of details to a winning personality. Mr. Daly died, at the age of sixty-one, through neglect to take needed rest after an attack of pneumonia. He was an untiring worker. Owing to his reserved manners and habits of isolation he did not take sufficient relaxation, while he probably worried too much over details. The community can ill afford to spare such men. Their loss is largely the result of changed conditions of living.

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THE PRICE OF FAME AND FORTUNE

The parable of the rich man who tore down his barns to build larger ones, yet whose soul was suddenly demanded of him, has been the subject of countless homilies, yet it is more applicable to-day than ever. Every one knows the uncertainty of life, and "that there are no pockets in shrouds." Men daily fall fainting by the wayside, or drop out entirely, as in Addison's Vision of Mirza. The sudden shock causes a ripple of interest. Then the ranks close up, and after one glance at their fallen associate the eager throngs renew their strenuous struggle.

There is something helpful in the early failures of successful men which I have lately discussed, but their later failures are usually pitiable. Emerson says, "Oh, discontented man, if there is anything you want, *pay the price* and take it," but what a price men pay for fame and fortune!

A great Wall Street financier gives a million to a new hospital and then sails to Carlsbad to restore his own health. The leader of the New York bar, famous as a duck-shooter, is recuperating at the Riviera. The provost of a Philadelphia Medical School, with an income of $50,000, dies in early manhood from overwork. A New York lawyer who earned $100,000 the last year of his life succumbed from worry and overexertion in an unventilated court-room.

Stephen H. Tyng, Jr., who built up a splendid church and then became an insurance agent in Paris, died quite early when he should have lived as long as his father, the sturdy rector of St. George's. Mr. Grady, editor of the Atlanta Constitution, who fired the whole country by his eloquent speech at the New England dinner, broke down a few months later, leaving the impression of a national loss.

Senator Calvin Brice died at fifty-three from exposure caused by hurrying from Newport to meet a business engagement. Mr. Inman, one of our most successful cotton merchants, died at forty-eight from liver trouble. Mr. Pullman, of palace-car fame, succumbed under the strain of great responsibility. Ex-Secretary Windom was prostrated while speaking at a public banquet. The manager of a great church missionary society died at forty-seven, when he seemed the picture of health.

Henry Keep, a former partner of Governor Flower and President of the Lake Shore, died at fifty from overwork. William H. Vanderbilt had a stroke of apoplexy at fifty-five.

A New York lawyer died from the effects of arguing an important case before the Court of Appeals on an empty stomach. The rector of a leading metropolitan diocese died last year of apoplexy on Riverside Drive while watching the Naval Parade.

Any one who has seen an apparently vigorous man collapse in public or in his family circle, like the Southern millionaire who recently dropped dead in a hotel corridor just as he had written a telegram, will never forget the shocking spectacle. It is like the fall of a tree in the forest, and carries with it a solemn warning.

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A NATION OF HURRYING MEN

Some future Millet will duplicate his terrible Man with a Hoe, which inspired those tremendous verses of the young Californian poet, with a picture of a "man with a purse of gold, or laurel wreath," gasping for breath and dying before his affrighted friends, leaving his wealth and empty honors behind.

Americans in general cannot be called greedy or miserly. They work from habit and love of labor. Like the Australian millionaire cattle-owner, they grow enthusiastic over great tasks, and feel inspired to make the wilderness blossom as a rose. They are imprudent rather than grasping, and need to learn moderation.

Americans are less lean and hungry looking than formerly, and take on flesh with years. Many sedentary workers look puffy and pudgy, with bags under the eyes, and have streaky, sallow complexions that suggest fatty hearts, cramped lungs and disordered livers. One sees plenty of big men, but they lack color and briskness. There are many haggard, nervous types of men, prematurely gray or bald, who look as if they never enjoyed a good meal or a night's rest.

Young and old alike seem in a hurry. They walk fast and seem absorbed. Their faces show care and anxious thought. In the cars and ferryboats every man is deep in his paper. Conversation is rare and a hearty laugh unusual. We are too busy even to jest, and have to employ paid entertainers at clubs and social gatherings. At American restaurants people eat in silence. Only at foreign cafés and table d'hôte dinners is there animated conversation. We do not even enjoy our food.

The people who crowd into the front and rear railway cars to escape the draught when the doors are opened at stations breathe hot and fetid air laden with the products of respiration. It always gives me a headache to sit in such air-tight sweat-boxes. Yet fastidious and feeble persons alike prefer the cars, though common sense would show their error. A man might far better stand on the platform in zero weather amid whirling dust and cinders than inhale this polluted atmosphere.

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WASTING LIFE IN DOING WRONG THINGS

One may excuse Secretary Stanton for sacrificing his life to save the nation, as General Armstrong wore himself out in building up Hampton Institute, and Colonel Waring died from his zeal for sanitary science. But it is woful to witness the waste of human energy in doing foolish or wrong things. Horace Mann discovered too late that Providence is never in a hurry. If Massachusetts could have had thirty years of his service as an educator, instead of twelve, how much better it would have been!

Henry Frick, the Pittsburg ironmaster and millionaire, occasionally buys a rare picture and plays a quiet game of golf. His career is a record of continuous labor. A Western "lumber king" toils all day at one business office and then all evening at another and never takes any rest. President Cleveland nearly sacrificed his health by his unremitting labors and unwillingness to delegate details to others. Among men prominent in business or the professions the number is small who have not at some time paid the penalty of overexertion, and had to rest at least for a time from their labors.

Mrs. Hetty Green, the richest woman in America, sagaciously remarks that great wealth is a great burden, and the millionaire is the servant of his money. Having a horse and buggy is very delightful, but when you hitch an additional pair of spirited animals and don't know how to drive them, your drive will not be pleasant.

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FORTY AND SIXTY THE CRITICAL AGES

At forty men begin to feel the strain of hard work. If they have been careless or reckless they are liable to break down. Another critical period is sixty, when those holding positions of responsibility who are too absorbed to take proper rest go to pieces. Yet a man who has lived to that age ought to continue for ten years longer, provided he takes care of himself.

It is the pace that tells. It would be laughable if it were not so serious to see staid bankers and merchants rushing along to save a few minutes' delay, or, like General Scott in his famous letter of acceptance, "swallowing a hasty plate of soup" for luncheon, or constantly smoking long, black cigars, as Governor Flower did, or dictating to a stenographer on an ocean steamer, as was Mr. Hyde's custom. When I watch these human machines running at top speed, with every electric light burning, and carrying on operations that affect the whole continent, I ask with Artemus Ward, "What does it signify?" Can Americans never learn how to make haste slowly, slowly, and to work easily and smoothly? The secret of strength is poise and self-command, and hustle and bustle indicate lack of balance and reserve powers.

A leading New York dry goods merchant has hardly taken a holiday in twenty years, and often works Sundays. He might take warning from a neighbor who broke down a year ago, and now enjoys a leisurely lunch every day with his family and a half-hour nap. On Washington's Birthday I called on a New York merchant who said it was the first day he had not been at his office in years. One may well ask such men, "Is life worth living?"

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THE HURRY AND THE HEAT OF MODERN BUSINESS

Modern business is conducted on a gigantic scale. The transactions of the Clearing-Houses and Exchanges mount into billions. The ocean cable and telephone, the private wire and the ticker connect every counting-room and office with the world. The modern financier has his finger on the pulse of humanity.

A short wheat crop in Europe, a plague of rabbits in Australia, an anarchist's bomb, a Dreyfus scandal, a Homestead strike, the death of Barney Barnato, the ambitions of Cecil Rhodes, the antics of an Emperor, the whims of a Czar, the plotting in a Turkish or Chinese harem may upset the wisest calculations. No one can tell when the cloud no bigger than a man's hand in Manila, the Argentines or Cuba may cause a commercial cyclone.

The rivalries of great business concerns, internal dissensions, Legislative strikes and political blackmail, the introduction of new inventions and labor-saving appliances, defalcations and incompetency of agents furrow men's faces and make them prematurely old. Hard work seldom kills, but worry and fret and carking care are destructive to health.

Office buildings are more spacious, better lighted and plumbed. Electricity has replaced gas. Every comfort and convenience is provided. But the sky-scraper darkens the narrow streets and obscures air currents. The soil is polluted by leaking gas and steam mains and sewers, and is kept damp by lack of sunshine, while roasting radiators and lack of ventilation have a debilitating influence on the occupants of these commercial palaces.

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THE COST OF FUSS AND FEATHERS

A visitor to Governor Flower's office was astonished at the hurly-burly and excitement there. A great business can be conducted quietly and without fuss or feathers. It is delightful to observe the suave and pleasant methods of men in positions of great responsibility who daily turn out an immense amount of work, who see scores of visitors yet never show irritation. A cheerful manner is of immense help. "Courtesy is the best paymaster on earth."

C. P. Huntington, now nearly eighty, does a tremendous amount of work, but he takes life easily and cannot be ruffled. James W. Alexander, lately elected President of the Equitable Insurance Company, is notable for his easy dispatch of business and genial tact.

President Frank Thomson, of the Pennsylvania Railroad, also possessed this enchanting trait. He never appeared to be in a hurry, and his disposition was wholly free from irritation. His tact and skill in smoothing rough places and dealing with difficult people made him universally popular. After escorting the Grand Duke Alexis, of Russia, through the country in 1871, the latter wrote that "Mr. Thomson was no less agreeable as a companion than valuable as a manager."

Augustin Daly complained, at a dinner given in his honor by the Shakespeare Society, that engrossing ambitions and unsatisfied longings for higher achievements do not tend to make a man companionable, sociable or clubable, while they may sow his path with small resentments. This is unfortunately true, and a spirit of geniality makes life's journey much easier than Whistler's Gentle Art of Making Enemies.

Friction is as bad in business as in machinery. Good health is a splendid lubricant. Many men, like Carlyle, are "fitted and saddled by that witch-hag, dyspepsia," and make life a burden to those around them. Any one familiar with the inside workings of great business institutions knows the inextricable snarls which result. John C. Heenan declared that when in training for a prize-fight he could not quarrel.

Constant irascibility may be usually traced to a disordered liver. As Emerson says, a sick man is a rascal.

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LEAVE BUSINESS CARES AT THE OFFICE

It is of vital importance to leave business cares behind and close the office on daily worries. The journalist who edits a paper during the day and writes stories or magazine articles at night soon goes to pieces, like Harold Frederic. It is the same with other professions.

A man may study in the quiet of his library, but he should devote his evenings to something different from his daily tasks. If he must work at home, let it be in the morning hours when he is fresh, rather than with a fagged brain. The principal meal should be eaten in the evening, and leisurely digested, and this is another reason why nothing arduous should be done afterward.

Rest should be positive and negative. It may be continuous or taken at intervals. One person requires quiet and cessation from all exertion, though he may play cards or billiards or chat with his family or friends. Another finds rest in change of occupation, and can work hard without harm, provided it is a different kind of labor.

Men who are actively engaged all day should not seek recreation at the opera and theatre, which are not sufficiently restful for excited nerves, but they need quieter amusements.

Sunday, which should be a day of real rest, is spent by the well-to-do American in a far from hygienic manner. He rises late, swallows a hearty breakfast, dawdles around reading the bill-poster papers or goes to church, then eats a heavy dinner, and after a nap and a stroll on the avenue, takes a supper of hot biscuits, rich salads, cake and preserves. No wonder that Monday is blue with dyspepsia and irritation. Those who spend at least part of Sunday in the open air feel refreshed for their week's work.

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THE INDISPENSABLE MAN DOES NOT EXIST

Frequent interruptions are also a weariness to the flesh, and this is a serious objection to the insistent telephone. All the world is at your elbow, able to buttonhole you about trifles. Every interruption gives a mental wrench and prevents continuity of thought. For this reason many busy men shut themselves up at certain hours and refuse all callers, while some will not have a telephone in their private offices.

Many men waste their strength on details and find it hard to get away for needed rest. A good manager should organize his business so that he can trust his assistants to take care of things when he is absent.

Many men fancy that their business cannot go on without their presence. If they employed competent assistants this would not be the case. No one is indispensable in this world.

When a clerk asked for a raise of wages because he thought he was indispensable, his employer asked, "If you were dead, would I have to get along without you?"

"Yes, I suppose so."

"Then consider yourself dead."

The publisher of a great journal which has an immense circulation never could be persuaded to take a rest. His associates invited him out on a yacht and then kept him for a month. On his return he found that everything had gone on so well that he was content to take other vacations.

"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES" That are Making HISTORY

The Fences of the Nations

There have been troubles with boundary lines ever since man began to stake off land or peoples commenced to claim territory. Civilization has improved the methods of settlement, but the embarrassments have increased owing to the multiplication of maps and the demands of aggressive nations.

In Asia and Africa, for instance, the lines are being shifted and pushed all the time, and in the long future, when the courts and the scientists and the lawyers get together to sift the testimony, they will have somewhat the same difficulties as now beset the tribunal which is at work in Paris trying to find the right line between Venezuela and British Guiana.

The great thing is that arbitration is a fixed principle in the determination of these matters. How far this is true was shown very recently in South America, when Argentine and Chile were on the verge of war over a boundary-line dispute. Through notable efforts both nations consented to arbitration, and an International Conference made the award March 24, giving each country part of its claim.

More important is the Venezuela case. This at one time also threatened war. The interference of the United States practically demanding that Great Britain consent to friendly arbitration is easily recalled. Excitement ran high. At first Great Britain refused, and the United States attempted of itself to find out the truth; but before the investigation had been concluded Great Britain yielded. The result was the appointment of the Venezuela Arbitration Board.

This Court will not reach a conclusion until the early autumn. The size of the case can be very well judged when

HONORABLE BENJAMIN HARRISON
COUNSEL FOR VENEZUELA

it is known that Venezuela's brief alone makes a book of eight hundred pages. An unusual interest is the participation of Honorable Benjamin Harrison, who is the leading counsel for Venezuela. It is the first time that an ex-President of the United States has taken part in such a proceeding in a foreign land.

But most important to this country is the boundary-line dispute between the United States and Canada. In 1898 an International Commission was appointed by Great Britain and Canada on the one part and by the United States on the other part to adjust, if possible, all outstanding questions between the United States and the Dominion of Canada. This Commission consisted of six distinguished statesmen from each of the two countries.

The sessions began in Quebec, August 23, 1898. Twelve questions were submitted to the tribunal—the bonding privilege, reciprocity in mining rights, building war-vessels on the Great Lakes, alien labor laws, fur seals, regulation of the inland fisheries, frontier lines, and other matters. From Quebec the sessions were transferred to Washington.

Upon the adjournment in February to meet again in Quebec on the second of August, an official statement was made by the Commission showing that while there was little difficulty upon many of the questions, the most innocent-seeming in the list—the making of a provision for the delimitation and establishment of a boundary between Alaska and Canada—had overshadowed all else and had tied up the Commission's work. It is now recognized as the most delicate international dispute which the United States has on hand.

Canada is seeking a tidewater port in the Alaskan region, while the United States claims all that was given to it by the Russian purchase, a coast a thousand miles long and not less than thirty miles wide. The place of the contention is in the groups of islands which form what has been pronounced "an unbroken line of inland navigation the most remarkable in the world."

The British contend that under international law, when an inlet or arm of the sea is less than six miles wide the three-mile limit would apply. The Lynn Canal is less than six miles wide, and if this be made territorial water the boundary line would be so changed that Dyea would be twenty-two miles and Skaguay sixteen miles within Canadian territory. It is a nice question as to the sinuosities of the coast lines.

The claim of the United States was generally accepted until 1884, when a new Canadian map took in about 5000 square miles of what had been considered United States territory. In 1887 another Canadian map changed the northern part of the line so as to increase this area to 25,000 square miles. Of course the sudden wealth discovered in Alaska is responsible for the present importance of the problem. In the meanwhile the British and American authorities have signed an agreement for a provisional boundary line, and this *modus vivendi* will continue until the Joint Commission agrees to a manner of permanent settlement. The provisional line does not give Canada a tidewater port.

—Lynn Roby Meekins.

The New Prosperity Draws Home-Seekers from Across the Water

For several years there has been a steady annual diminution in the flow of immigration to the United States; but reports so far for the present year indicate that accounts of the great era of prosperity that has influenced all American industries have been pretty thoroughly spread over the world.

As a first result an unusual stimulus has been given to immigration. At the port of New York alone the arrivals in the first three months of the year where 45,000. A notable feature of this year's immigration is the generally superior grade of the new home-seekers.

The United States and the Coal Supremacy

According to the Treasury Bureau of Statistics the United Kingdom in 1897 was the largest producer in the world, with the United States a close second. In fifteen years the gain of the former was less than twenty-four per cent., while that of the latter exceeded seventy-three per cent.

That the United States is rapidly working into first place is shown in an announcement by the Geological Survey of the production of last year, in which the United States was less than six and a half million tons behind the United Kingdom. The gain in the former was almost wholly in the bituminous grade, the anthracite remaining practically stationary.

In connection with the foregoing, the President of the British Institute of Mining Engineers declares that wages must be reduced or the trade will be lost. In twenty-five years the British supply of the world's consumption has decreased from fifty to thirty per cent., while that of the United States has doubled and now equals the British.

The Eventful History of the Lost Steamship Paris

During the latter part of April of last year everybody in the United States was excited over the voyage of the American Line steamer Paris to New York.

It was known that on her arrival the Federal Government would convert her into an armed cruiser, and anxiety as to her safety was increased because she bore a valuable cargo of war supplies, and rumor credited the Spanish Government with having sent speedy torpedo-boats to capture or destroy her.

On May 1 she reached her American pier and was given a grand reception by all the shipping in the harbor. Soon afterward she was transformed into a war-ship, renamed the Yale, and because of her superior speed was assigned to picket duty under Rear-Admiral Sampson.

After the war she was stripped of her war trappings and returned to her original pacific mission. A little more than a year after her exciting voyage to New York this beauty of maritime architecture stranded mysteriously on the Manacles off the Cornish coast.

Power of the West in Our National Politics

In a century the centre of population in the United States has moved westerly more than five hundred miles, and it is now somewhere near the Mississippi River. Since the war the centre of political interest has moved in the same direction, and the great national gatherings have gone to the Central West. Politics are following the Star of Empire, and no better proof of it can be cited than the astonishing manner in which the West captured the Speakership of the House of Representatives.

Congressman David D. Henderson, of Iowa, was at first considered the least likely of all the names mentioned, but when the great West began to put its votes behind him the result was a foregone conclusion, and the other contestants bowed to his name.

One of the results of this easy victory was a prophecy in the West that the Vice-Presidential name on the Republican ticket next year may come from the West, and that the other parties will look in the same direction. Certain it is that the West was never more confident of its power, or more aggressive in asserting it.

A Plan for the Poor to Get Their Money's Worth

One thing that keeps the poor poorer than they ought to be is the outrageous prices they are obliged to pay for the necessaries of life. As a rule, they can buy only in the smallest quantities, and almost without exception they are unmercifully robbed.

For instance, a ton of coal retailing at five or six dollars will cost ten or fifteen dollars when bought in driblets by the poor. Ice worth half a cent a pound will be sold to them for many times its value. If they wish to borrow money they become victims of the most disgraceful extortion.

Men and women have begun remedies for these evils. In several of the large cities are associations managed by churches or philanthropic persons for the purpose of loaning money to the poor at a legal rate. In New York City there is an association that does shopping for the poor. In Philadelphia, New York and some other cities there are societies which sell sterilized milk, ice and coal at just enough profit to pay a part of the running expenses.

These plans have not been perfected yet, but they are movements in the right direction, and when self-sustaining they will count with the best practical philanthropy.

New Safety Rules for the Horseless Vehicles

The automobile era has reached such a large and widespread development that municipalities find it necessary to seek legislation to control the operation of the countless styles of vehicles. Operators in large cities must be graduates of special training classes in which all possible street obstructions have to be overcome.

For the protection of pedestrians and old-fashioned vehicles a preliminary code of regulations has been adopted. Vehicles must be constructed so that nothing may escape that might cause explosions or unpleasant smells, and so that they may not frighten horses that remain in service. All carriages exceeding 250 pounds in weight must be capable of having their machinery reversed and being run backward.

Handles must be so placed that drivers may operate them without taking their eyes off the route they are following, and every vehicle must have two sets of brakes, each capable of shutting off automatically the force of the motor, so that the vehicle may be brought to an immediate standstill. A prize has already been offered for the best device for extinguishing the lamp of a tube-ignition motor when the vehicle is upset.

Capital and Labor as Friends and Arbitrators

The nineteenth century has been prolific the world over in labor strikes, and now in its wane political economists profess to see the end of these costly and unprofitable agitations. The cause is a heartier and more personal appreciation of labor by capital.

In the new dispensation that has been working its leaven for about three years, capital invites dissatisfied labor to a full consultation of actual conditions, and labor, facing capital as a personal friend, unbosoms itself freely as man to man. Mountains of grievance diminish to mole hills, facts present themselves and are weighed for full value, capital and labor establish a stronger pact of friendship, and confidence becomes mutual. That neither capital nor labor can survive independently of the other is established.

The other day representative workmen and capitalists, employed in the great iron and steel industries, met in consultation. An advance in wages to a point higher than in seven years, and directly affecting 45,000 men, resulted. Capital and labor thanked each other for mutual concessions and courteous treatment, and a great strike was averted.

Why the Boers Oppose the British

When the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope was annexed to the British Crown a considerable number of the original Boer or Dutch settlers withdrew and established the Transvaal, or South African Republic, the independence of which was recognized in 1852.

The new colony soon attracted residents from the mother and other near-by colonies, chiefly English, and the Boers gave the name of Uitlanders to all citizens not of Boer birth. Having established the colony for their own purposes, the Boers assumed the supreme direction of its affairs.

In time the number of Uitlanders became so large that they felt justified in seeking a participation in the Government, but the Boers declined all their advances. These aliens set up a claim that they had to bear an undue proportion of the colonial expenses, and were deprived of adequate representation in the administration of public affairs.

It was the constantly increasing friction that led to the memorable Jameson raid into the colony in 1895, and that recently threatened war with Great Britain.

Paying $20,000,000 Without Handling a Cent

Very few countries nowadays could pay a bill of $20,000,000 without taking a cent out of its official pocket. Yet this was what the United States did when it settled with Spain for the Philippines.

Thanks to the great amount of money that Europe owes us for various commodities bought here, the officials charged with the payment merely operated on the basis of foreign exchange, and from the balances due us in Europe Spain received her money, foreign dealers being credited in New York with the gross sum.

This arrangement prevented any disturbance in the home money market, did away with all risks of shipment, and saved Spain a handsome amount in interest. The financial standing abroad of the United States has enabled us to thus pay large bills before, but never one so large.

A Curious Form of Mercantile Taxation

An extraordinary experiment in taxation has been undertaken by the German Government that will be watched with keen interest everywhere. The various stores have been classified in five groups: food and drugs, clothing, furniture, glass, and jewelry, and the new taxation is on the basis of the number of persons employed.

Where a store is engaged in two of the groups, and employs at least twenty-five persons, the new tax is ten per cent. of the profits; in three groups, fifteen per cent.; in four groups, twenty per cent.; in all groups, twenty-five per cent.

Small storekeepers have complained, and the new law is an attempt to equalize mercantile taxation.

MEN & WOMEN OF THE HOUR

Close-Range Studies of Contemporaries

How Rossiter Johnson Immortalized Doctor Pullman

The Rev. Dr. James M. Pullman, brother of the late palace-car magnate, goes to New York once in a while from Lynn, Massachusetts, whither he went, in 1885, after a most successful pastorate in the metropolis. The Doctor's departure was made memorable by the Twilight Club, of which unique organization he was a cherished member. There was great speech-making at the farewell dinner, and a poem by Rossiter Johnson was read, of which this is one stanza and the refrain:

"Take him and snake him. *O equus ferruginus!*
Go, while the tears of regret are *delugin' us;*
Go, generosity's organ is huge in us.
Take him and snake him to Lynn!
Lynn, Lynn, take him, O Lynn!
Take him; take him;
Take him all in.

"Take him with all of his ice-cold theology;
Take him a preacher courageous and knowledgy;
Take him as one who will need no apology—
Take him, O Lynn!"

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Senator Hale's Defeat by a Woman

There is a story told by his friends on the senior Senator from the Pine Tree State that, strangely enough, has never found its way into print. When he was a young man, Senator Hale, like many young men who have later on in life made their mark in the world, was rather a bumptuous individual, and not without that egotism which is said to be an element of success.

SENATOR HALE

On one occasion Mr. Hale was riding in an old-fashioned stage coach—a vehicle that has unhappily passed into history, but which was, looking back on it, a delightful and picturesque means of locomotion—with Senator and Mrs. Frye. The only other passenger was an Irish woman past middle life, rather comely of face, who wore enormous hoops, fashionable at that period. To amuse his fellow-passengers Mr. Hale pretended to be much enamored of Biddy, and would sidle up close to her, as if he was about to put his arm around her, look unutterable things at her, and entertained himself and his companions at the good-natured creature's expense. Finally, at one of the stations, a man put his head in the door and asked if there was any room to be had inside the coach.

"No," said Mr. Hale, "all the seats are taken." Then turning to the Irish woman and looking into her eyes with great tenderness, he said:

"There isn't any room in here, is there? We don't want any one else in here, do we?"

"No," said Biddy, with a delightful brogue; "my hoops are pretty large, and I see you feel pretty large, and there is no room here."

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An Unpublished Interview with Mark Twain

There is a certain editor in New York with whom the power of the daily press is such a hobby that he raised the salary of a sub-editor who suggested a "Sunday special" on Famous Graduates of the Reporters' Room, and at once assigned his best-dressed reporter to interview leading authors along this line. It happened that Mark Twain was in New York, and the editor counted on him as a striking example of the literary value of newspaper training. The reporter was ordered to spare space for the interview. Yet when the article appeared Mr. Clemens' name was conspicuously absent. It was this way:

Mr. Clemens received the reporter with his customary urbanity, though he shrugged his shoulders when he learned what paper the young man represented. As usual, Mr. Clemens was a most elusive man to pin down in an interview, but at last the reporter gathered his wits and asked the question which he meant should point his article.

"Mr. Twain," he asked, "to what one thing most of all do you owe your marvelous success in literature?" He had counted on "my newspaper training" as the answer.

The famous humorist half shut his eyes, thought a few moments in silence and then said decisively:

"To the fact that when I was young and very ambitious I lost my job."

"May I ask what was your job, Mr. Twain?" exclaimed the puzzled reporter.

"Certainly, sir, certainly," replied Mr. Clemens with great suavity. "I was a reporter."

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When Lee Fairchild Silenced an Unruly Audience

A clever bit of campaign repartee is accredited to Lee Fairchild, the California orator who leaped into national repute in 1896. He was sent into a Southern State to advocate the gold standard. At a certain place he was informed by the committee that the "rally" would begin and end about the same time, and that not since 1883 had any Republican speaker been permitted to finish a speech there. Upon learning that the speakers as a rule had been able to get out of the town and fill their next appointments, Fairchild determined to make the attempt, as billed. He advised the Chairman to have no music, and to introduce him by saying to the audience, "You are the people, and here is the speaker." The Chairman followed instructions a little too literally. He simply pointed at the audience and then at the speaker and disappeared behind the scenes.

Fairchild began his speech at once with one of his famous stories. The audience was separated, the colored folk all being in the gallery and only white people below. In about five minutes the speaker made a pointed thrust at the opponent party, when an organized body of young men in the centre of the theatre shouted in concert, "Rats!" Fairchild paused for a moment, and then waving his hand at the gallery said, "Waiter, come down and take the Chinamen's orders!" The effect was electrical. The speaker in relating the incident to the writer said: "You should have seen that black hillside of faces, sloping heavenward, break into ledges of pearl."

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Enlarging the Mothers' Congress to Embrace Fathers

Since the death of her husband, the late Senator George Hearst, of California, Mrs. Phœbe Hearst has been one of the busiest women in the country. She still lives in her beautiful home in Washington, which is one of the finest residences in the capital. There she has gathered a valuable collection of rare art treasures and costly bric-à-brac, and there she entertains her friends in almost regal style. In addition to her social duties and the supervision of her large estate, which at one time included an important share of the Anaconda Copper Mine, and at present takes in the New York Journal newspaper, Mrs. Hearst gives much time to her charities. She knows the value of money and is most careful in the disposal of her immense wealth. She is one of the chief benefactors of the California State University.

MRS. PHOEBE A. HEARST

It is a singular coincidence that both of the widows of California's multi-millionaire Senators should devote portions of their wealth to the founding and upbuilding of colleges.

But mining, publishing and educational work are not sufficient to fill Mrs. Hearst's time. She is the prime mover in the Mothers' Congress, which is designed to begin the education of the young at the earliest possible point. Recently this important body has been widened so as to include the fathers as well. This change, it is related, came about in this way:

A well-known husband of one of the leading members wrote to the President, complaining:

1. That mothers, as a rule, depended upon fathers for their support.

2. That fathers were equally interested with mothers in the welfare of their children.

3. That were there no fathers there would certainly be no mothers.

Therefore he applied for membership. The Council saw the justice of the complaint at once and he was promptly elected.

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Over One Hundred Years at Building Yachts

After Commodore Morgan's forty-six-foot yacht Gloriana had demonstrated her phenomenal qualities, yachtsmen in both the United States and England became eager to know all about the new master in marine architecture, and the new school of designing he had developed.

Nathaniel Greene Herreshoff, the designer and builder of the yachting wonder, disclaimed any accidental element of success in the work, and declared that it represented constant study and experimenting, combined with natural gifts, that extended back for more than one hundred years.

It was in 1790 that Charles F. Herreshoff, the founder of the shipbuilding family, arrived in Rhode Island from Germany, and went to work for John Brown, one of the largest shipowners in the State. The father of the present Herreshoff brothers built and sailed a boat of his own before he was twelve years old.

"Nat" is the seventh of nine children, and the one in whom the mechanical genius of the family is most strongly reproduced. He is extremely modest, very reticent in disposition, and lives by the rule, "Never tell what you are going to do till you have done it."

He had a most thorough training for his work, and while he has designed and built all the yachting wonders since Burgess died, he has done equally marvelous things in the line of steamships and torpedo boats. His Defender kept the America's Cup in the United States, and it is predicted by yachting experts that the Columbia, recently launched at Bristol, R. I., will do the same in the forthcoming races.

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Preaching and Practicing Sherlock Holmes

One would naturally suppose that the creator of Sherlock Holmes, the most famous detective of contemporaneous fiction, would be something of a detective himself. But he is not. When Dr. Conan Doyle was here on his lecture tour he lost a handsome leather bag in the railway station in Jersey City. It was made in London, and was the gift of a friend. The loss was not discovered until the train had pulled out of the station for the West. At the first stop a telegram was sent to Jersey City requesting the station-men to make a careful search for the missing bag. But it was unsuccessful.

It was a handbag of light weight, and was worn strapped over the shoulder and hung by the wearer's side. When the novelist boarded the train he was carrying a heavier bag in each hand, and wore a cape overcoat which was unbuttoned. The Doctor missed the bag before he had deposited his bags on the seat, and he began the search for it before taking his overcoat off. These details are important.

At Elizabeth he yielded to his impatience and left the train to return to New York and personally supervise the search. As he was stepping from the platform he felt something press against his side, and looking down he saw the bag. He had worn it all the time hidden under his overcoat. He had missed his train in alighting, and there was nothing left but to go back to Jersey City and catch a later one. He explained matters to the agent, and paid the men who had searched for the bag almost as much as if they had found it.

"So it took a Sherlock Holmes to find it, after all," pleasantly remarked a friend to the author several days later.

"So it seems," replied the Doctor. "I really had to have the bag, as I carry all my money and tickets in it."

"Did you find them safe?"

"Well, not exactly," he explained shamefacedly. "You see, I found that I had left them in the bureau drawer over at my hotel."

A. CONAN DOYLE

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Khâyyâm in Washington

The latest and one of the cleverest translators of Omar Khâyyâm is Miss Elizabeth A. Curtis, of Hartford, Connecticut. The old Persian astronomer-poet was the chief subject of conversation at a recent reception in Washington given in her honor by Attorney-General Griggs, who is her uncle. At the function there were a number of ladies more distinguished for their wealth than their learning. From one of these Miss Curtis overheard this inquiry:

"Who's Omar Khâyyâm? I never heard of him."

"Oh!" replied her neighbor, "he is a new colored poet, like Paul Dunbar."

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TOLD MORE BRIEFLY

The Champion Speaker of the New York Bar.—General Benjamin F. Tracy, former Secretary of the Navy, will find his marvelous memory of the utmost value in his argument before the Commission which will decide the Venezuela claims in Pairs. The General was the leading lawyer for the defense in a famous trial in 1874. In making the chief address to the jury he spoke from one page of notes for forty hours, delivering more than 200,000 words, a feat unparalleled in the New York bar. In the preparation of the Venezuela case the General has looked more or less carefully into 12,000 books, papers, maps and pamphlets, and it has taken his undivided time for nearly a year.

On Speaking Terms with the World's Notables.—Douglas Sladen, the compiler of Who's Who, the standard book of autobiography, is said to rival Chauncey M. Depew in his wide acquaintance with people worth knowing. Doctor Depew makes the boast that he knows more prominent men, probably, than any other man in the world. Perhaps he may in America, but Mr. Sladen leads him in his foreign acquaintance. He came originally from Australia, where he was a college professor. He has traveled all over Europe and America, and is now living in London. It is said that he never goes out on the street without meeting at least one man of note whom he knows and who knows him.

Mr. Church's One Ambition.—Frederick S. Church, the great painter of animals, is as well known in the menageries of London and Hamburg as he is in Central Park, New York, where his studies of animal life behind bars have given him international fame. Mr. Church was a soldier in the Civil War, and an express messenger before he went to New York to study art. He said, not long ago, to the writer that he would be perfectly happy if he could afford to paint one picture a year and destroy it if he did not like it.

Bashful Mr. Allen.—Mr. James Lane Allen, whose Choir Invisible has passed the 200,000 mark, lives in New York most of the year. His home is one of the old-fashioned brownstone-front mansions above Forty-second Street, which was in the centre of Gotham's "400" a decade ago. Mr. Allen is a tall, spectacled man, retiring to a degree, and carries his avoidance of personal publicity almost to the point of eccentricity.

Is "The Palace of Tears and Good-bys."—If General Fitzhugh Lee is ever a candidate for the Presidency most of his soldiers will probably vote for him, and their women relatives will take the field for him *en masse*. At Jacksonville, where he was long in command, he never forgot his men for an instant. The hospitals were filled with flowers which he sent to the sick, and a large part of his salary went for delicacies for their table. Not only this, but it was the unwritten rule that the visiting mothers, wives, sisters and sweethearts should call at headquarters before leaving camp. There they were personally greeted by the commander, and carried away some flowers as mementoes of their visit. The hotel during his occupancy was known as "The Palace of Tears and Good-bys."

The ST. HELIER CLAIM

By Harriet Riddle Davis

"Don't Strike a Woman, Even With a Flower"

THE conflict between the St. Heliers had been long and fierce, the more so because during the past few days it had been an oft-recurring one. Mina stood facing her husband with all her color gone. One hand grasped the back of a chair, the other was doubled up as though to ward off a blow. She had the appearance of one who, though unequal to sustaining her part in the clash of arms, was yet impelled by the torrent of bitterness within to an expression of it which racked and swayed her nervous, lithe form.

He, too, had the marks of combat stamped upon him. His face was sombre, with every fine line darkened into sullenness. His arms were folded and his lips were set. Everything that was bitter had been said between them, to the cruel hurt of each, and each was wondering in callous misery how long the tie that held them would stand the strain put upon it, yet knowing that should it snap asunder nothing would be left in the life of either worth the having.

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He was thinking in dumb despair of all the notes that were out against him, which were likely to be called in at any minute, and which, with the threatened failure of his claim to pass the Senate, would mean decisive, sweeping financial ruin. And of this she knew nothing. Could any man with such a thing staring him in the face be other than half a brute? he asked himself.

She had been watching him with keen, watchful eyes and, as though reading his thoughts, she asked abruptly:

"How many votes do you lack in the Senate to pass your claim?"

"What has that to do with the present discussion?" he asked surlily.

"Everything, it seems to me," she replied with conviction.

"I lack one vote, which is more than anybody is likely to secure for me," he said bitterly.

"How do you know that I might not get it for you?" she asked, with a sudden glitter in her eyes and with her mouth hardening into a straight line.

"How do I know?" he burst out in derision; "why, what have you ever done yet for the situation? Why do you suppose I took this big house here in Washington and dined and wined all these people? You have met everybody who has position or influence. You have the entrée to all the smart houses. You have great beauty and charm of manner, and instead of using them and of being a help to me, what have you done? You've sat in judgment on everybody in the social swim. You have criticised officials. You have snubbed this woman and that. You have refused courtesies from diplomats; and, worse and more suicidal still, you have repelled Senator Drake, the one man who could put my claim through the Senate. I tell you, you have pretty nearly ruined me."

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He eyed her in hot anger and she met his challenging look with contemptuous words.

"You would prefer me to be like Mrs. Clive, who lobbied her bill through the Senate? Or like Miss Coxen, who has coaxed so many Army commissions out of General Vendor? Or you would wish me to accept attentions from Baron Steyne, and particularly you want me to smile on Senator Drake. You want me to go to his Bohemian suppers, to accept flowers, theatre boxes and the like?" she asked with curling lip.

He watched her vehement gestures with cool cynicism, and said:

"Bah! I wish merely that my wife had a scrap of tact and diplomacy in her silly head; that she would try to be more like the world she finds around her; that she would not snub the very people who hold my fortunes in their hands; that she would——" he paused.

"What?" she demanded. He did not answer, and she went on:

"I am to understand that you want me to flatter such men as Steyne and Drake, and all for the cause of the St. Helier claim?"

"The St. Helier claim, Madame, is perfectly just and fair. It means the recovery of the vast St. Helier lands for which the family has fought all these years since the laying down of their arms at Appomattox. It has already passed one house of Congress, and now only one man stands in its way in the Senate. This claim means your bread and butter and my honor! But what is the use of all this?" he exclaimed wearily, striking one hand within the other.

She crossed the space between them. Her face had softened at the tone of weariness in his voice. She looked up at him with pleading eyes, and said:

"Maurice, let us go away from all this, back to our own people and our own home; back to the little grave where you and I have buried so much of our love and hope. Let us begin all over again among our own kindred. I am not equal to meeting this great political world on its own footing. I shrink from it. I dread it. Let our claim go!"

He flushed slightly and said, with a touch of exasperation:

"Oh! don't be melodramatic, Mina."

There was a tone of careless irony in his speech which made her wince. After a moment or two she asked, with a suspicion of tears in her wistful eyes:

"Maurice, do you remember the wise man of India who said, 'Don't strike a woman, even with a flower'?"

"Which proves that he did not know much about the sex. Most women would not even feel the stroke of a bludgeon," he muttered.

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The wistfulness died out of her eyes at his words. She said coldly:

"You do not understand. You are probably thinking of Mrs. Clive, whom you so desire me to emulate."

"Whether I was thinking of her or not, it would be well if you would take a leaf out of her book. The St. Heliers would have vastly more money in their pockets; but all this is wasted talk. You care nothing for our claim, nothing for my anxieties and ambitions. You go about in this Washington world hedged around with sickly delicacy and flimsy sentiments of nicety. You——"

She broke in upon him fiercely:

"Would you have married me had I been other than I am?"

He made no reply. She was stung, and asked again.

"Would you, Maurice? Would you have married me if I'd been other than I am?"

He shrugged his shoulders indifferently, as though bored.

She spoke once more, this time deliberately and quietly: "Maurice, why did you marry me at all?"

He frowned with impatience; then after a moment of considering, he said impetuously: "Heaven only knows, Mina!"

She turned away from him as from a blow, and an anguished expression swept over her face. She had reached the door when he sprang to her and said, in a voice of contrition:

"Mina! Mina! forgive——"

But the door was closed softly. She was gone. He muttered aloud, in self-condemnation, "Brute!"

All the rest of the day he could not get away from the look of anguish in her face, and the words came back again and again to him: "Don't strike a woman, even with a flower." They followed him in all his goings and comings.

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On his way home, late that day, his step took on a hurrying, swinging pace unlike his habitual deliberate gait. He thought of the old plantation as he passed the magnolia trees in the park, and something suddenly tugged at his heart-strings as his eyes fell upon a little chap hanging to the railing around the Jackson statue. He thought of what lay at the foot of the garden down in the far Southern home. Then his mind traveled back to his wedding-day, and the picture of Mina rose before him in her girlish happiness.

He set his lips together to keep down an emotion which threatened to overmaster him. He would make amends to her; it surely could not be too late, for should their lives be wrecked he knew that there would be nothing left for him. He stopped to purchase a great bunch of violets and as he carried them in his hand he quoted to himself:

"Violets dim, but sweeter
Than the lids of Juno's eyes."

And he thought of Mina's eyes, with their look of anguish.

When he reached his door and the butler had taken his hat and stick, he said quickly:

"Where is Mrs. St. Helier?"

"Madame dines out to-night and has just gone," was the reply.

He stood a moment under the bright light of the chandelier, trying to recall what dinner engagement there had been for that night. He said slowly:

"I recall no dinner."

"Madame has driven out to the Country Club to dine. Baron Steyne came for her in his carriage. She bade me say to you, sir, that she should look in at Senator Drake's reception and perhaps stay for supper later on, and that you need have no thought for her, for Baron Steyne or Senator Drake would drive her home."

St. Helier stood in thought for a moment, then said merely:

"You need not serve dinner. I shall dine at the club. Send Mrs. St. Helier's maid to me."

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It was but a moment or so when a trim young woman came toward him with scarcely veiled curiosity in every line of her demure face. There was something of accentuated triumph in her manner. He said, scarcely noticing her:

"Sara, take these flowers and put them on Mrs. St. Helier's dressing-table. I am sorry that I could not get here in time."

Sara raised her shoulders slightly and said volubly:

"Oh! Monsieur must not have regrets. Madame did not go empty-handed. She carried violets as magnificent as these, that came only this afternoon. I have not dressed Madame with such satisfaction in months."

And Sara, warming to her task, continued:

"Madame has seemed to have megrims of late, but to-night she let me get out all the beautiful diamonds. She even wore the tiara, which has not been out of its case before this season. Oh! I assure Monsieur that he missed a great deal in not seeing Madame. Madame seemed to fear that she would be over-dressed for the little dinner——"

"That will do, Sara," interrupted St. Helier shortly; then he continued:

"I shall join Mrs. St. Helier at the Drakes. Wait up for us, Sara, and tell Burke to lay out my things."

And Sara, thus cut off in her voluble information, retreated with the violets. Anyway, she thought to herself, she had managed to say a good deal for Madame before he had stopped her. "Poor Madame, who had no very good time of it in this world, tied to such a dull brute of a man. Pouf!"

Meanwhile St. Helier's toilet was careful, even though hurried, and instead of dining at his club he went immediately to Chamberlin's.

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He had scarcely crossed the threshold and called for dinner when he was joined by a well-groomed, fashionably dressed man with a keen, alert face, who, in spite of his air of fashion, did not bear the stamp of the world to which St. Helier belonged. He spoke familiarly and confidently:

"Any news, St. Helier?"

"None; I shall have to quit loser," he replied gloomily. Then he said in turn:

"Did you accomplish anything to-day, Maier?"

"No; the stumbling-block is Drake, though perhaps if the stake were made big enough——" Maier looked up significantly.

"Pshaw! You cannot buy Drake," exclaimed St. Helier bluntly. "I tell you, I know Drake. He's slippery and underground in most of his ways, but in that way he can't be touched, Maier."

"You're right, but——"

"What's your game, Maier? Come, out with it."

"Well, then, cannot Mrs. St. Helier help us?"

"How?" asked St. Helier, with his face set as hard as flint.

Maier replied slowly, looking out of the window into the electric-lighted street beyond:

"I thought perhaps that Mrs. St. Helier—well, I hear that Drake considers Mrs. St. Helier the most beautiful woman in Washington, and I thought if she—that is—perhaps——" Maier floundered and finally broke down.

St. Helier rose to his feet in sudden passion. His hands were clenched. He said in a low, distinct voice:

"I tell you, Maier, right here, that Mrs. St. Helier shall not lobby this thing. I will not let her be tarred with the brush that has tarred the rest of us if I can help it."

Maier looked completely nonplussed. He said:

"Whew! So that's the way the wind blows to-day, is it? Why, I thought the other day—you——"

"Never mind what I thought the other day. I think very differently to-day. So that's all there is to it!"

Maier shrugged his shoulders and tilted his hat.

"As you please. I've done all that I can do or that any one can do. I've pulled every string. I've used every means, good and bad, but Drake has got his back up and won't let it come to a vote. He holds it off on that cursed

"Maurice, let us go away from all this, back to our own people and our own home; back to the little grave where you and I have buried so much of our love and hope"

St. Helier stood in thought for a moment, then said merely: "You need not serve dinner. I shall dine at the club. Send Mrs. St. Helier's maid to me"

Editor's Note—This story, the St. Helier Claim, is the second in a series of stories of Washington life which is being written for the Post by Mrs. Harriet Riddle Davis.

personal plea of 'Senatorial courtesy,' and there you are! And the only reason that he is stubborn is because——"

"Because what?" came sharply from St. Helier's lips.

"Because he has been snubbed by a woman."

And Maier straightened his hat, knocked the ash off his cigar, and sauntered away to join a group at another table.

St. Helier dropped back into a corner and pulled his hat down over his eyes. He thrust his hands deep down into his pockets and gave himself up to dark, brooding fancies. He was not conscious of the passing hours, and it was late when he was roused by hearing some one say near by:

"I tell you she's over there to-night receiving his guests for him."

"Who's receiving his guests?" asked some one else.

"Why, this Mrs. St. Helier. They say Drake's giving a supper later to-night after the mob goes."

Helier sprang from his quiet corner and dashed suddenly across the room and out the door. He pulled out his watch and found that it was already midnight. With long, hasty strides he passed down the street, out through the park where the magnolia trees loomed up dark and spectral, and turned into a brightly lighted house which faced the square. He stood a moment within the door of the brilliant reception room before advancing.

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The crowd had gone. Only a few of the smart set, some four or five diplomats and one or two officials were to be seen. St. Helier greeted them as he slowly made his way down the vista of rooms, through which rang the soft, subdued airs from a band of mandolin players hidden behind a screen of palms. He could not see Mina anywhere, and it was a sudden relief to him to think that she was already gone.

He paused an instant before the last of the suite of rooms, which was curtained off with heavy portières. He pushed these apart slightly and looked in upon a group of gay, chattering people all gathered around one radiant central figure.

It was Mina, a laughing, daring, coquettish Mina, with Baron Steyne and Senator Drake on either side standing in absorbed, fascinated contemplation of her.

Her fair head and shoulders rose up from a gleaming, silvery sheen of white; above her soft cloud of reddish hair flashed and glinted a tiara of diamonds. Never in all his life had St. Helier seen her as he saw her to-night. He drew in his breath with a strange mingling of pain and admiration.

Then he suddenly jerked the curtains aside and came forward. There was a slight constraint in the greetings of all, and a scant acknowledgment of his presence from Senator Drake. Mina was the only one entirely at ease. She nodded gayly. St. Helier said curtly:

"Whenever you are ready, Mina, I am quite at your service."

•

She shook her head and answered airily:

"Oh, I'm not going for hours yet. Senator Drake is giving me lessons in how to become a successful politician. Let me see, Mr. Senator, you said there were three essential maxims, didn't you?"

She looked at him daringly. He smiled and said:

"What were the maxims?"

"Number one was: 'Don't try to reform anything lest you get reformed yourself.'"

There was a shout of laughter. Senator Drake said delightedly:

"And number two?"

"Number two was: 'Never try to be either a better or a worse legislator than the society for whom you legislate; for it would not be worth while to be any better and you could not be any worse.'"

Mina smiled naively into Senator Drake's eyes, while the laugh ran around the room. Senator Drake called out:

"Clever! Clever! Now, let's have the third."

"The third and last was," and Mina's voice became solemn and weird: 'Never take a lighted candle into the twilight haze that separates right from wrong, for you might see something.'"

And she looked up with confiding demureness and added: "I never take a candle into such a region; I'm afraid."

There was an instant of hush in the room, then the laughter broke out again.

Just then a sudden movement took place throughout the group. Senator Drake drew Mina's hand through his broad arm, and Mina, looking back over her shoulder, called out in quick and apt quotation:

"'Let's to supper, come, and drown consideration,'" and the whole gay party sauntered and loitered in such order as it pleased out to the celebrated dining-room.

Never once during the two hours of rollicking mirth which followed could St. Helier get one glance from Mina. Never once could he catch a word of the low-toned conversation which the host was addressing to her. As time wore on it was all that St. Helier could do to contain himself.

Finally, after an attaché had sung a cockney song, Baron Steyne volunteered to give an imitation of Yvette Guilbert, which was inimitably done and brought forth enthusiastic applause. It was just after this that Baron Steyne approached Mina, and said, bringing his heels together with a click and making a low, courtly bow:

"Will you not be so gracious and do something, Madame, to our entertainment?"

"But, Baron, I have no accomplishments."

"Oh! Yes, Madame has. We haf all heard that Madame can sing and dance the most wonderful things."

Senator Drake broke in eagerly:

"Yes! Yes! I've heard that your rendition of the old plantation dancing is simply beyond compare."

Mina grew as white as her gown.

"No! No! I cannot!" she exclaimed.

"But why not?" was asked in a chorus.

"I have never danced since—since——" and Mina faltered and broke down.

St. Helier knew that she had never danced since the little grave had been made down on the plantation in the far South, when the negroes had chanted their weird song from their cabins. He stood in rigid silence awaiting her refusal.

•

But Senator Drake said persuasively in an undertone:

"You will dance for me?"

"No! No!" she said, waving him away with something of wildness in her manner.

"Oh! but you will; I know you won't deny me."

Then, noting her set face, he said with growing determination:

"Is there nothing that will move you?—no consideration?"

She twisted her fingers nervously and said:

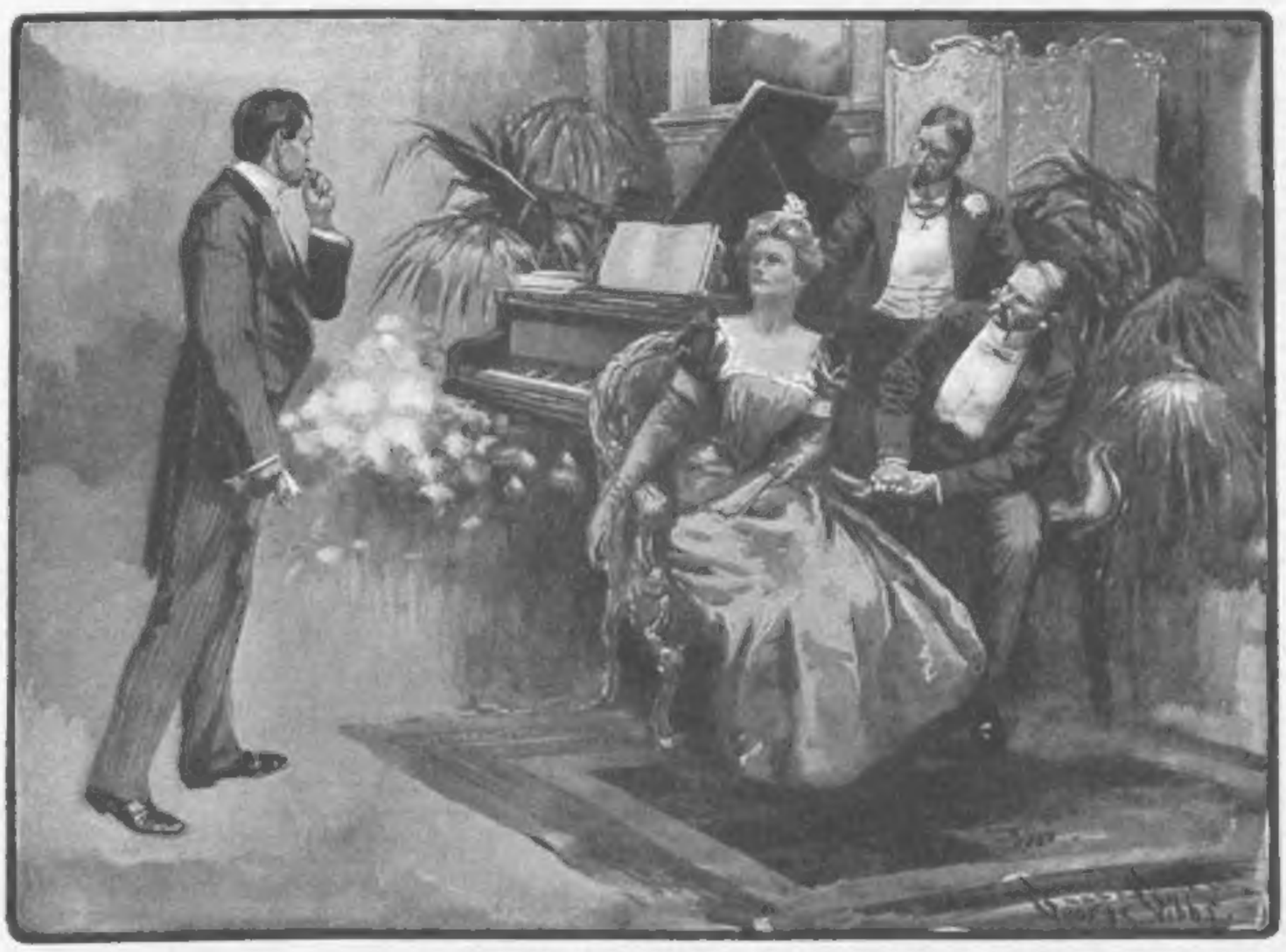
"Don't ask me to dance; I cannot, I cannot."

He bent down and whispered with deliberate significance:

"Is there nothing that will tempt you? Nothing you want very much?"

Some sudden current thrilled through her. She lifted her eyes to him, then narrowed them an instant as if for inward view. She breathed quickly. Her face flushed and paled alternately. In a moment she had gained her poise.

She looked him straight in the eyes, and said in a tone that none heard:



"OH, I'M NOT GOING FOR HOURS YET. SENATOR DRAKE IS GIVING ME LESSONS IN HOW TO BECOME A SUCCESSFUL POLITICIAN"

"Are you willing to pay the price I shall ask?"

"On my honor, I am," he said plainly.

They stood a moment facing each other, and each understood what had been nominated in the bond.

A hush had fallen, and every eye was fixed upon Mina. Suddenly she advanced into the cleared space in the middle of the room, and as she did so a sharp cry of anguished warning rang out:

"Mina! Mina!"

But Mina did not heed the warning.

•

She stood in perfect quiet for a moment, with her eyes shining like stars. One foot lightly beat upon the floor, while her head, then her shoulders, then her whole body began to sway from side to side. Her face had a far-away, uplifted look upon it, and gradually there swelled out upon the air a low, weird, crooning melody:

"Dey ain't no use fer ter fret an' pine,
Steady on de way, believers.
It's de same ole worl' w'en de sun don't shine,
Steady on de way, believers."

Gradually her voice became louder, with a strange vibrant quality in it which stirred every pulse and set every heart to beating in the room. St. Helier put his hand over his eyes.

"It's de same ole worl' in de sun an' de rain,
Same on de hilltop an' same on de plain,
So keep up de shoutin' an' keep on a-prayin',
Steady on de way, believers."

Up and up rose the melody, stronger, sweeter, with a thrill and a catch in it, until the watching, breathless group was filled with a strange excitement.

"Dey's a great big blossom on de watermelon vine,
Steady on de way, believers;
Fer peace come 'long w'en you done wid pain,
So keep up de shoutin' an' keep on a-prayin',
Steady on de way, believers."

Suddenly she dropped her arms to her side and her whole face underwent a change. Some emotion held her for a moment in its fierce grasp. Two big tears gathered and fell from her eyes; then quickly she raised her arms above her head and dashed into the celebrated juba dance, that strange survival of aboriginal barbarism. She sang and shouted, with piercing sweetness:

"Juba up, an' Juba down
Juba all aroun' de town!"

This was accompanied by a shuffling of her feet over the floor and by a clapping of her hands as though in melodious deference to the jigging of a fiddle.

"Sift de meal an' gimme de husk,
Bake de cake an' gimme de crus',
Fry de pork an' gimme de skin
Ax me w'en I'm comin' agin,
Juba! hi, Juba!"

More and more intense had grown the piercing sweet voice, until she ended with a whirl and a stamp of

"Juba! hi, Juba!"

There was a hush while the singer stood with one hand uplifted to gather in her straying hair. Then the enthusiasm burst forth. The room shook with the uproar and rang with shouts of "Brava! Brava! Encore! Encore!"

Baron Steyne rushed impulsively forward. Senator Drake, moved out of his ponderous senatorial manner, pulled all the flowers off the table and from the vases and heaped them upon her.

There was one man who took no part in this adulation. He quietly went out of the room. Once outside he called a footman to him and said curtly:

"See if Mr. St. Helier's carriage is here; if so, hold it at the door." He turned back to the dining-room.

The supper party was just breaking up and groups were scattered all about. Mina was sitting back, pale and exhausted, on a divan, with her arms hanging at her sides. A great mass of brilliant flowers was slipping from her lap to the floor, and one or two orchids had been caught in her hair. Senator Drake was standing before her, looking at her with an expression of gravity and dignity which had been absent from his face during the early part of the evening. He was speaking earnestly:

"Mrs. St. Helier, you have given us great pleasure, and it was at a personal sacrifice. Of this I am sure; and I hope in the very near future to be able to show my appreciation of your sacrifice."

•

She looked up at him wistfully and tried to speak, but no words came. He put out his hand, as though to stay her speech, and went on hurriedly:

"My dear little woman, I have known all along about this business, and I have honored you greatly for keeping out of it altogether. It is no fit work for a woman, and I have read in your manner to-night that you were being driven by some force outside yourself. You have been brave, and I will help you by taking hold myself. I shall——"

Senator Drake did not finish, for St. Helier came striding across the room with an expression on his face that boded ill; it was that of a man pushed beyond endurance. He brushed past Senator Drake, and putting out his hand said:

"Come, Mina."

She rose mechanically. Her mission was fulfilled; she had done for him the work to which he had goaded her, and she felt that perhaps now her reckoning was at hand and that the end of all things was near. With trembling hands she made an effort to gather up some of the flowers, and Baron Steyne, hurrying to her side, exclaimed:

"Haf I not the pleasure of escorting Madame to her carriage?"

"No, no, Baron. Mr. St. Helier is here." She turned to the latter and said, "I am ready, Maurice."

Senator Drake had been watching them both keenly. He felt the element of tragedy in the lives of these two young people, and stepping close to St. Helier, he held out his hand to him and said in a tone that the others could not hear:

"St. Helier, I am going to call up that little matter of yours in the Senate. I shall——"

•

He did not finish, for St. Helier suddenly lost all control of himself and, looking straight into Drake's face, said:

"The claim be——, sir!"

Then he turned and hurried Mina out of the room and out of the house. Senator Drake stood in surprised silence; then he drew a long breath and said to himself: "So, he was not conniving with her to-night. He is a man, after all!"

Outside, the carriage door had shut with a snap. Mina was huddled up in one corner, awaiting an outburst. She could see as they passed a street-lamp that Maurice sat with arms folded and lips tightly compressed. They whirled along past a public reservation when she thought she heard a groan, or was it a sob? She sat up straight and said in an affrighted voice:

"Maurice, what is it?"

Instantly she felt his arms fold around her. She was gathered closely to his heart and held there, while his strong frame shook with sobs. He said brokenly, as he pressed his lips again and again to hers:

"May the Father above forgive me for this day's work!"

The tears welled up to her eyes. She pressed her face convulsively to his breast and said:

"Our work is done, Maurice, and we will go back to the old home."

And he answered solemnly:

"Please God and we will!"

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The Land of Least Happiness

"THERE is less misery and less happiness in America than in any other country in the world," Lord Morpeth wrote of the United States, after a visit to our country for the purpose of seeing what our life really was. He found among us a degree of physical well-being with which no part of Europe could compare. He also found a lack of cheerful enjoyment of our good things which puzzled him. He was not alone in this conclusion. An American artist, who had seen much of the poverty of Central and Southern Europe, told me that he once took his stand where he could watch the throng which passed him on Chestnut Street, to study the expression of the faces which passed him. In hardly one, he said, did he see such evidence of the enjoyment of life as he found in the poorest classes of the Old World. People who had had a scanty breakfast, and did not know where their dinner was to come from, showed brighter faces than do the well-fed and "comfortable" people of this New World.

In Europe the signs of want are often painful. Ragged, barefooted and evidently ill-fed people are to be seen on all the streets and highways, except, perhaps, in the city districts inhabited by the wealthy alone. Those who have labored among the poor of East London, for instance, tell us they find the poorest in America vastly better off than are the people of that large district. But the Londoner, in spite of hunger and rags, retains a certain jollity, of which Sam Weller is the type, and which an American is apt to lack, whether he be well off or ill. The American has far more, but he gets less out of it.

The chief reason for this is the needless worry which characterizes all classes in our country. We sometimes call this an excessive devotion to business, but we do it too much honor. If the American loved his work more, he would fret over it less. He would get more daily satisfaction out of doing it well, and would acquire the contentment which falls to the man who has got well through his day. It is just because the American too commonly measures his success, not by the work itself, but by the gain it will bring him, that his labor brings him no happiness. He has set up a goal of success which lies far ahead of him, instead of one he can reach every day, and the crow's-feet gather about his eyes as he strives toward it. The mediæval workman who adorned his workshop and boasted of his craft as of high honor got far more enjoyment out of life than does he who makes the *money* it brings the test of his success in it.

When the Centennial building was in course of erection somebody proposed to inscribe around its central dome a text from Isaiah: "Thou hast multiplied the nation, and not increased the joy," in recognition of this national fault of worry. But, as both the context and the margin show, that is not the right rendering. The Hebrew word rendered "not" also means "to them," and the prophet goes on to describe the true and solid joy that the nation has in life: "They joy before Thee according to the joy in harvest, and as men rejoice when they divide the spoil." The joy of work well done, of battles well fought, of faithful discharge of the day's duties, is that which can brighten the faces of honest people. That we can have every day in life, and, in getting it, escape the burden of the anxieties which disfigure the face and wear out the heart.

Let us not forget that Dante kept the lowest place in his Inferno for those who in this life were grumbling and discontented without a cause. —ROBERT ELLIS THOMPSON.

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The man who makes a good home comes nearer doing his duty than the man who only makes a reputation.

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The Summer Sermon

A DOCTOR OF DIVINITY in a Western city recently gained some little notoriety by conceding the rights of the members of his congregation to sleep during the services, and he averred that he was sincere in his expressions, even though his text was from the ninth verse of the twentieth chapter of Acts:

> "And there sat in a window a certain young man named Eutychus, being fallen into a deep sleep: and as Paul was long preaching, he sunk down with sleep, and fell down from the third loft, and was taken up dead."

The fate of the young man—by the way, it is not usually the young man that sleeps in church—is a fit warning for those who close their weary eyes while the preacher is solemnly wandering among the fifthlies and sixthlies. While our modern churches have not third stories from which to fall, the lesson still holds good for those who sit in the galleries, and there have been instances of sudden deaths in the pews on the ground floor. It is all very distressing, of course, and it is not right, but why do the people sleep? The prosiest preacher under whose preaching somnolency falls like a benediction will admit that the congregation does not want to sleep. It does not attend church for that purpose. It is ashamed when it finds itself nodding. It tries heroically to keep its eyes open. If it fought sin one-half as hard as it fights sleep it would work out the salvation of the community as by a miracle. Nobody would then complain of indifference in the churches, of apathy in the congregations. The millennium would be rolling toward us at wonderful speed.

Often there is a hygienic reason that exculpates both pulpit and pew. Church ventilation is frequently atrocious. A crowd of people shut in with an insufficient supply of air simply breathe it over and over again until its vitality is gone and they fall napping through pure lack of atmospheric nourishment. But that was not the case with Eutychus. He was sitting on the third story window. He had the air in plenty, and it was another cause that upset him. "Paul was long preaching." And the young man sunk down with sleep and fell. Many preachers since Paul's time have followed the example of his prolixity without his scholarship, his spirituality or his eloquence, and thus sleeping in church has become an issue. A man who will fall asleep under dullness long drawn out will stand for hours listening with wide-awake interest to a really good speech or a fervent discourse. It is all very well to say that people should go to church to worship, and not to be entertained—they undoubtedly should; but the pulpit has no right to handicap their piety by drowsiness. Nothing kills reverence like droning.

Now, in the glad summer-time, when fresh air is not in question, the whole crux of the matter is the sermon. People seldom sleep during the singing or the prayers—unless the prayers are too long—but it is the sermon that lulls them to rest. So, after all, the problem is in the hands of the clergyman. The pews will stay awake if the pulpit does not put them to sleep. With the real orator—the man of eloquence—time need not count so much, but for the average summer sermon from the average summer preacher there ought to be a moral limit beyond which there should be no transgression.

—LYNN ROBY MEEKINS.

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A man really begins to learn when he learns that he cannot learn everything.

• • •

The Etiquette of Dreams

IN A DREAM, nothing matters; that is the best of it. We insult our best friends and embrace our most casual acquaintances, and the recipients of our attentions merely smile, while we coolly change the subject.

We advance the wildest schemes, traverse thousands of miles in a second, and change our identity in the act of speaking. A sentence begun in New York and completed on a moor in Scotland surprises nobody. The élite of our dreams have no sense of humor, or if they have they are too well-bred to indulge it at our expense. Our dream conversations are frequently impertinent. A woman of my acquaintance had a sister-in-law who had treated her rudely without the knowledge of her husband. In a dream my friend met her brother and told him in plain language what she thought of his wife, and they finally separated on the most amicable terms. This could occur only in a dream, for in dreams we say the whole truth and people listen to it.

Oh, for a few conversations of the stuff that dreams are made of! To collect some of the people of our acquaintance about us, and indulge in one straightforward dream-talk with them! It would be worth years of this shilly-shallying, supersensitive, thin-skinned existence in the flesh.

Of course we should be willing to hear return truths from these dream-friends; but all we ask is the chance to speak first, and then, if they are able, let them reply. Nothing shocks us in a dream. As we land gently at the bottom of a staircase which our feet have never touched, and behold standing calmly at the foot a friend long since dead, instead of screaming we ask him if he has ever noticed what a wide forehead Miss X. has! Before he can answer, he is a woman chasing chickens in a back yard, and we keep repeating to ourselves, "Mother always said that hens crowed the best."

And then, again, how much we gain from dreams. There our sympathies flow, we speak the long-pent-up words of love, which in the consciousness of our waking hours we cannot express. And they let us laugh, and they let us weep, these kindly spirits of our sleeping hours.

So we go on, laughing and weeping and scolding, until one noise overpowers all the others, and we slowly glide out of dreamland to realize that the drum in the procession we were watching is only the breakfast gong!

—EDITH HARMAN BROWN.

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Greatness is seldom hereditary, but goodness lasts through the ages.

• • •

The Fear of Want

COURAGE and cowardice change their bases as human life goes on. Mankind is not afraid of much which used to terrify, but modern life has terrors of its own. The peculiar feature of our new kind of cowardice is that no one seems ashamed of it.

Men who would face death by lead and steel, by fire and water, and who would be heartily ashamed to be found making themselves secure in time of common danger of the old-fashioned sort, will fly headlong before the one governing fear of life to-day, and are not in the least ashamed to spend arduous lives in buttressing themselves against it.

Our fear is the fear of want.

It is a large, loose, general term, and somewhat difficult to analyze. On last reduction it can mean but death—but we are not afraid of death. On the middle distance it means a varying degree of hardship—but we are not afraid of hardship. In its first easy grades it means simply going without things—denial, restriction—but it would be hard to show why this should so affect us, since all life everywhere meets the same limitations. There are always some things one wants and does not have, and there always will be.

If eyesight stopped at the lids we might live without wanting, but so long as seeing goes before reaching so long is the world led and lifted by desire. Unfulfilled desire is the main condition of life, and no more to be feared than the weather. Hardship is fairly courted by the young and vigorous, is a recognized educator, and is so common a human condition as to disarm all dread of the unknown. Death we learned to face with calmness many thousand years ago. What, then, are we afraid of in the fear of want? Why is it that a man who would not be a coward on the field of battle is so gross a coward on the field of business? Why will the workman who will any day lose his life to save a comrade commit many a sin rather than lose his job?

The standard of living has been slowly lifted from age to age by men who were not afraid. They were not afraid of the great beasts, and slew them. They were not afraid of strange seas, and crossed them. They were not afraid of evil Governments, and overthrew them. They were not afraid of oppressive religions, and forced them to open and develop, or they made new ones.

Hunter, sailor, soldier, explorer, inventor, discoverer, reformer, these have faced hardship, danger and denial, and made broad the way of progress for us all. And here we stand in new conditions, confronted by new difficulties and dangers, and are most unblushingly afraid. Man to-day has only social conditions to struggle with—he is past-master in subduing the earth.

The problems to solve are those of social adjustment, and the need of inventor, explorer, discoverer is as great as ever. The need is as great, the gain is greater, the danger, after all, is really less—and yet we are afraid!

It is mere shortsightedness and lack of observation. We have courage enough, and devotion, too, but we are not quick to see where to-day's fighting and enduring are most needed. —CHARLOTTE PERKINS STETSON.

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The average American citizen believes in labor and the fruits thereof, but he forgets that while he is grumbling and staying away from his political duties the politician is working and running the party.

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Forcing Our Language on the World

A CONSPICUOUS American delegate to the Peace Conference at The Hague has deplored his inability to speak any other language than his own. The waves of French and German have gone over his head, and what the conference is all about he does not even pretend to know. I sympathize with his trouble and admire his modesty, but I do not in the least agree with him. Far more admirable was the sentiment of that old hero who publicly thanked the Lord that he could not compel his tongue to speak any other language than that of his native land.

What is wanted is a universal language, and English is in the way of becoming that language, simply because the English-speaking man persistently refuses to speak anything else. He has made the Hindu and the Chinaman talk to him in his own language, as well as the African and the Japanese. He waylares stolidly through Europe, and wherever he goes he leaves a trail of English-speaking shopmen and innkeepers, statesmen and cabmen. By refusing to twist his tongue around foreign vocables he is forcing the rest of the world to talk English. That is the way the universal language will be made—by imposing English, not by creating some homeless Volapük.

You may admire the accomplished linguist. (You remember Pickwick's friend—"He could imitate five cats, sir, five distinct cats in a wheelbarrow, upon my sacred honor; now one can't help liking a fellow with such traits as those.") It is meritorious to be able to speak half a dozen languages, just as it is to juggle plates and feathers and cannon balls, but the American who deserves best of his country is he who imposes his good Yankee speech on the other fellow.

—VANCE THOMPSON.

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It might be ungenerous to say that Mark Twain's idea of writing a book to be published one hundred years hence would be a good precedent for many others, but we can stand it if posterity does not object.

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The Right of Privacy

PRIVACY, according to legal decisions in America, has no rights that amount to anything. We cannot by injunction restrain another from invading our privacy, nor can we punish such an invasion by securing damages, as the courts have held that the sensitiveness which resents publicity is too fine a thing for this rude world. And so in this country in the present conditions of the laws we must abandon the sacred privilege of being let alone.

This is not so in France, and at present it is not the case in England. In France a newspaper or other publication may not discuss the private affairs of a private person without permission. In England the law was much as it is here until a publisher prepared to print some etchings made by the Queen and her late Consort, Prince Albert. The courts stretched a point and issued an injunction, though all the precedents were against such a remedy. In the course of time an act was passed by Parliament defining privacy and fixing penalties for its invasion.

But in America we are practically without redress. We cannot prevent publication by injunction, but afterward must prove damage—damage which can be assessed in dollars and cents. Suppose a flashy and objectionable paper should print the portrait of a private gentleman's wife or daughter. Every refined person would concede that there had been damage; but how in the world could material damage be proved? Right there the difficulty lies, and until it can be removed the very finest flower of civilization is endangered.

Legislatures hesitate to do anything toward the relief of privacy from the invasions of too-curious papers for fear of putting an unconstitutional restraint upon the liberty of the press. But liberty is one thing and license quite another. The press is at liberty to describe, to discuss and to criticise the public acts of public men, but even they should have, if they desire, a privacy which it were license to trespass upon. The majority of men who amount to anything part with the right of privacy to a certain extent—*pro tanto*, as the lawyers put it. An author, an actor, a preacher, an artist, or any one who attempts to teach the public or who challenges its criticism, abandons his right to be let alone so far as his work is concerned. But beyond that he should be protected in his privacy as by a mantle.

It is true we can defend ourselves against slander and libel, but from idle and vulgar gossip, until privacy and its rights are defined by statute law and confirmed by decisions of the court, there is no protection whatever. The life of a savage is open at all times to the inspection of his tribe, but the greater the civilization the greater the desire for retirement and privacy, the greater the necessity to be let alone. —JOHN GILMER SPEED.

EDUCATION AND DISCONTENT

BY *MAURICE THOMPSON*

A DISTINGUISHED writer, in discussing the use of tobacco, named as one of its chief evils the fact that it brings the user to a state of absolute content with his condition in life. At a careless glance this would appear a not very strong argument against

> "Nicotia, dearer to the muse
> Than all the grape's bewildering juice,"

as Lowell has it; for our sagest philosophers have agreed that contentment is the largest element of human happiness.

A little deep reflection, however, shows us that true contentment cannot exist apart from a sense of having made the very best of life's opportunities; and what is properly meant by a good education is the training which makes it possible for us to take opportunity as it flies and extract from it a measure of content.

But of late the argument has been offered that education itself induces a dangerous restlessness in the minds of young men. It is asserted that but a small per cent. of those who receive a more or less enlightening course of training in our schools and colleges have the ability to use their education so as to reach a position in the least satisfactory to the ambition roused by the stimulus of books, and the glowing pictures of life's rewards to the educated young man as drawn by the enthusiastic educator. In a word, it is held that discontent, rather than happiness, follows education in a large majority of cases, and that, therefore, it would be better for the world were intellectual training applied to the gifted few, while the mediocre and inferior many were left to the contentment and ignorance which should naturally go along with the hewing of wood and the drawing of water.

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PROGRESS THE LAW OF LIFE

Unquestionably we must admit the disquieting effect of education, but disquiet is not necessarily injurious movement is but another name for it, and the office of school training at its best is to direct movement. Nor should we accept mere ambitionless mental stagnation as contentment. Progress is the law of life and the school, which in a broad sense includes the home, is the starting point whence life takes its main direction. At this important point the clear distinction should be made between sound and unwholesome discontent.

The youth who feels that he must have a career may easily drift into a false understanding of life's possibilities in his own case and may set for himself a goal that is far beyond his power to reach. We often hear it said that nothing is impossible to the wide-awake and thoroughly educated young American; but the level-headed young man should know better than to take such a statement too literally. Only one man out of all our millions can be President, the others are forced to look out for something a little lower, at least every four years.

An impression has been made, generation after generation, upon young minds that large knowledge can somehow shift the track of life so as to avoid the necessity of labor, and with this thought has been somehow joined the feeling that drudgery is something degrading in itself. A poet has recently attracted wide notice by interpreting in verse the late Jean François Millet's picture, The Man With the Hoe, as if it stood to represent the hopeless and inevitable outcome of generations devoted to field labor. Millet was himself a peasant who by force of genius captivated the world; his picture, in fact, represents a contented worker who feels no call to a higher field. We may well pause before such a figure and consider the advisability of injecting into its breast a restless longing for the unattainable.

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FAILURES THE COST OF GREAT SUCCESSES

The largest fact of life is that every extraordinary individual success comes at the cost of many individual failures, provided we count as a failure every effort that falls short of a certain ideal. If we could be content, after aiming at a star and hitting a livery stable or a blacksmith shop, there would be a great deal more happiness in the world.

Instead of generating a spirit of subtle and indescribable discontent, or a disposition to berate Providence and mankind because we are not all born equally gifted, fortunate and clever, education should disclose to us our limitations and make us glad to do our best within the periphery of our abilities. If Nature has made a man for the hoe, is it well to try to make him fancy that he can easily train himself to be a poet or a statesman, an architect or an orator? A second thought would lead us to help him find out how to accomplish most with his hoe. The clods must be broken, the hods must be carried, the plow must have its man; we cannot all be Senators, railroad magnates, lawyers, doctors, teachers, poets, journalists, landlords, bankers, merchants, brokers, factors—the earth must give up the food of the world, and the toiler, the man with the hoe, or his like, must bear the burden.

Now, is there reason for discontent in all this? True education does not aim at eliminating the law, announced of old, that by the sweat of his face man should earn his bread, but day by day that law becomes more moral le, and it should be understood at the threshold of life.

Not to evade the law, but to be able to obey it with ease, intelligence and contentment is the object of mental training, so far as it regards the material and industrial interests of life. Discontent is a powerful factor in the problem of practical worldly economy, but it is not mere discontent with our natural place of usefulness. The "man with the hoe" should be proud when he has done manly hoeing, for there is the evidence of his efficient education. The plowman is justified in boasting of his straight furrows, his fine tilth, his well trained team and his perfect coulter and share. He knows his business and is glad of success in it. Shall our schools insidiously touch him with a dream of finding a nobler field than the one whose glebe he turns, and send him wandering among the professions?

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DIFFERENT KINDS OF IGNORANCE

Ignorance is a word of many meanings; it represents the whole gamut of intellectual conditions below the supreme ideal. The philosopher regards the blunt and busy grocer as a very ignorant fellow; but the grocer sneeringly relates how a celebrated statesman, being told by his wife to buy some dry beans for the family, sent up a barrel of them. "There's ignorance for you!" he exclaims; but he could no more understand the great lawyer's technicalities than could the lawyer grasp the fine points of the bean problem. Every man to his trade, and let his only discontent with it be on account of his failures to make the most of an honorable business.

It is never too late to mend education, but the earlier the better. Discontent with slovenly work is the greatest aid to self training, and this is the discontent that our schools should engender. The young man who begins life careless of the quality of his industrial output is ignorant, no matter what may be the record against his name at school; for he has not learned the value of discontent; he needs the stimulating effect of merciless self-criticism. "How ignorant I am!" said a famous novelist to the present writer. "A farmer has been telling me things of great interest that I never heard of before."

Every person who has conversed freely with the farmers of the West and South has been told by them that the one great objection they have to sending their boys to college is that a college education will unfit them for life on the farm. The young men come home with diplomas in their pockets, and in their heads burning dreams of a professional career, vast success as politicians, statesmen, lawyers—as anything except farmers. Mechanics and tradesmen make the same objection. Their sons cannot be held to the anvil, the work bench, the trade counter, after filling their minds with what the great of the earth have accomplished in the fascinating careers of intellectual activities.

MAURICE THOMPSON

And yet it is a great error to suppose that education is an evil; the trouble lies in breeding. The first dawn of life should open upon carefully planned preparations for teaching that life to flow contentedly in the channel of its greatest usefulness. Young men should feel as they develop that no sphere is inferior if it is necessary to human economy, and that ignorance of how to hoe a hill of corn or how to house a crop of grain is just as great a defect as ignorance of how the law of gravitation affects the heavenly bodies.

But every young man owes it to himself to be discontented so long as there lingers in his heart the slightest aversion to the work that Nature and the conditions of his breeding have fitted him to. If by earnest application to that work his superior qualities assert themselves there will be no difficulty about finding a higher area for their activities. Nearly all of the unwholesome and unmanly discontent among educated young men is but the result of a foolish excess of self esteem—a visionary dilution of life with impractical ambition.

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MESSENGERS

By MADISON CAWEIN

OVER the fields of millet
A young bird tries his wings
And there by the woodland rillet
His first wild music rings—
Soul of my soul, where the meadows roll,
What is the song he sings?

"Love, and a glad good-morrow,
Heart where the rapture is!
Good morrow, good-morrow! adieu to sorrow!
Here is the road to bliss;
Where all day long you may hearken my song,
And kiss, kiss, kiss!

Over the fields of clover,
There where the wild bee sways,
The wind, like a shepherd lover,
Flutes on the fragrant ways
Heart of my heart, where the blossoms part,
What is the air he plays?

"Love, and a song to follow,
Soul with the face agleam!
Come follow, come follow, o'er hill and o'er hollow,
To the land o' the bloom and beam:
Where under the flowers you may listen for hours,
And dream, dream, dream!"

The Father of Lights

BY MALTBIE D. BABCOCK, D. D.

EVERY bad thing and every demoralizing thing is from below, and cometh up from the heart of self-will, where there is all restlessness and inconstancy, but "Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of Lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning."

What the sun in the heavens is to the earth, that the Father is to us. Was there ever an act of unenlightened worship more dignified and exalted than his who, from his silent hilltop, watched the flushing East and bowed before the great day-bringing, life giving sun? How fine, how true the Apostle's comparison! What light that brightens a human face or lightens a page or a pathway but springs from the sun? The blaze of a pine knot, the shining lamp, the glowing of coals or their reduction and refinement in jets of light, all are only the release of imprisoned sunshine. The gentle beauty of the rainbow, the blue of sky and sea, the endless joy of the flowers, the witchery of spring, the luxury of summer, the wealth of autumn, the flashing splendor of a snow field, all bless the sun for their being.

Now, past the figure of speech, we have reached the glorious matter of fact: that God is the true Father of Lights; the Author of every good and every perfect gift.

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But pride awakens and airs itself on the city walls, saying "Is not this great Babylon that I have built? Should I thank God for the health and wealth, the education, the social position, the political influence, which by my care and skill, by my judgment and perseverance and pluck I possess to-day? Why should I not put the crown on my head when I dug the gold and cut and fitted the jewels? It is mine."

Steady, brother; listen: A voice is sounding across the years and over the graves of a hundred generations. "Beware that thou forget not the Lord thy God . . . and . . . say in thine heart, 'My power and the might of mine hand hath gotten me this wealth.' But thou shalt remember the Lord thy God: for it is He that giveth thee power to get wealth."

All any of us amounts to is the interest on intrusted capital. Who could wish otherwise? If we owed everything to ourselves, no one could live with us. Dependence upon God means association with God and that is life's supreme opportunity and noblest hope. Every gift is from above to take our thoughts and thanks above. God's gifts are to lift up our faces to His, to waken us to love Him. Every bad and imperfect thing drags us down to darkness; every good and perfect gift woos us into the light. The birds and flowers are His appeal to trust; the stately order of the heavens, to symmetry and steadiness; the beauty of Nature, to the beauty of holiness; the affections of earth, to the perfect love of which they are but dear fragments. And God be thanked for His supreme appeal—that good and perfect gift, the gift unspeakable: His life, His love, His very self in Jesus Christ.

But a heart cries out in the darkness: "God's gifts have been anything but good and perfect to me. He has instead robbed me of health and hopes and loved ones. Faith is a mockery, and Providence a fool's dream." Steady, brother.

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Look at the text again: "Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of Lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning." Wonderful words! The Apostle James might have studied astronomy to-day. The word for "variableness" is parallax, and that means a difference due to a change in the point of view. "But that is just what I mean," you say; "God has changed toward me. See how He treated me once; see my happy young days, my glorious buds and blossoms, and now see my luxuriance cut away, my exuberance gone; my branches bleeding from His knife." Wait and see, and trust while you wait. God's love is immutable.

Every gift of God is a perfecting gift. The plow and the harrow and the pruning-knife are as much His gifts as the sun and the rain. Grapes are better than luxuriant leaves and a tangle of twiners. Character is worth all it costs, and since God is ceaselessly, changelessly bent upon character, the denial or trial that helps bring it is as much a tool of His invariable purpose as the gift that makes you laugh for joy.

The shadow on your life came not from His turning, but from yours. Is night the turning away of the sun? Night is the shadow cast by the turning away of our little earth from its great bright sun. And what is winter but the tipping away of our Northland from the sun, till we shiver in slant, scant rays? The sun does not bank his fires nor grudge his radiance in December. Our bent is the trouble. When we turn again, our springtime comes with the singing of birds and the leap of life. Turn back. With your face toward the Father of Lights all shadows fall behind you.

In the light that streams from the face of Jesus Christ—God's human face—your sorrows shall be seen as lessons in life's school, your discipline as disciplining, your cutting back as the husbandman's hope of more fruit and better. God has never changed His mind of love toward you, and never a shadow falls because He has turned His face away. Every good gift and every perfecting gift is from above. Some day the gold will be thankful for the crucible, the steel for the furnace of pain, the purple clusters for the knife that cuts. Child of God, say "Thank you" now to your Father for all the bitter and the sweet; now, when it means something; now, by a heroic faith that trusts His perfecting love, and the day will come when you will bless Him for every gift that lifted you up, from littleness and selfishness and sin, to a life like His, large, loving, sympathizing, good and true—beautiful with His beauty, and joyful with His joy.

Editor's Note—This is number four in the Post's series of Open-Air Sermons. Those which have already appeared are:

The Matterhorn and Calvary, by Amory H. Bradford, May 20
The Mountain-Top View, by James G. K. McClure, June 10
The Life Lesson of the Seasons, by Alex. McKenzie, " 17

Editor's Note—We shall be glad to receive any comment on this article, and will publish such individual opinions as our readers care to express. We ask, however, that letters be limited to 150 words.

The Circle of a Century

By MRS. BURTON HARRISON

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PART ONE

In Old New York

Chapter V

IT WAS not easy for her friends to understand why Mrs. Warriner, interrupting capriciously her career as a leader of fashionable life, should have shut up her Broadway house so early as the latter days of May, and set out with her family and attendants in a slow-sailing sloop for her manor on the Hudson.

That her name was down as patroness of several active charities that she left many engagements unfulfilled, that her blooming health gave no excuse of illness, made her flitting the more mysterious. For a few days the matter was discussed—in these times it would have been disposed of in a few hours—then people began to declare that Lucilla had accepted her cousin, Captain Warriner, and the marriage would soon take place from the Manor, so that the Captain might literally "come into his own."

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When Arnold was approached on the subject he did nothing to dissipate the impression, but smiling, bowing, looking conscious, left all the world to believe that he was the proverbial happy man. Yet, strangely enough, as the weeks went on he did not leave New York. No doubt Mistress Lucilla was preparing some surprise. She was always original!

Of the two factions of admirers, one of whom had held up Warriner's banner, the other ranging itself under that of Laurence Hope, the Warriner champions were now triumphant. Their man, having behaved with excellent discretion, was clearly favored of the gods.

Hope, on the contrary, had passed under a cloud of adverse circumstances. Nobody thought of quoting him as a pet of fortune. Since the tragedy of his loss of both parents in a night, and after the daylight of disclosure had been let in upon their family affairs, a sad discovery had been made. To meet liabilities contracted by his parents, chiefly to pay the debts of his late spendthrift brother, it was found necessary to sell house, furniture and other real estate, leaving Laurence almost penniless but for his Army pay.

The world, not always ill-natured, was glad when a purchaser for the Queen Street mansion appeared in the person of a rich member of Congress anxious for installation in a desirable quarter near the East River. There had been no such activity in securing residences known since the war, and other sales were as good; but Laurence reaped little benefit. Very nearly all of the proceeds went to his father's creditors.

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However pitiful Captain Hope's condition, something stood between him and public sympathy. It was that ugly story concerning his affair with a handsome girl, an employee of his mother. No one denied 'twas the shock of discovering their intrigue that had precipitated Madam Hope's demise. What mother of sons but could feel for the poor lady and turn a frown upon the offenders! And the conditions—so repulsive—she, hoodwinked, trusting both of them implicitly, and the thing carried on under her eyes, nay, in the very sickroom of the father! The hussy must be dealt with.

The story of the elopement having gone through various phases, had settled down to this: the couple had been overhauled by a messenger on horseback bearing the news of the Captain's mother's death, when they had got no farther on their journey than Harlem Plains. They had returned before the minx had entrapped Laurence into marriage. What had become of her nobody knew or cared. Such schemers were a constant menace to the young men of good families. The least that could be done with Master Laurie was to send him, for a while, to Coventry.

Smarting under the odium of ill-natured lies, made to stand in a corner by society, ignored like one dead by the woman he loved, Laurence had violently wrenched himself as much as possible from contact with the world. Of the meagre military establishment the new Government had taken over from the late Confederation, General Knox, the Secretary of War, was his only official superior then present in New York; the Secretary had need of him for duty at headquarters, and thought it best to let his fit of spleen work itself quietly out. Though, in the offices of the War Department, they smiled at his passionately expressed wish for active service in the field to remove him from the sphere of slander, for a chance to warm his blood anew in an honest fight, the impulse was understood by the veterans who had recently laid aside their arms in hard-earned peace.

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Even President Washington, by whom most things concerning his old followers were observed, smiled gravely when, addressing Captain Hope one day in public, he bade him remember there was harder work for the sons of Liberty in maintaining what they had won than in striking for it with their swords.

The sound of his chief's voice in kindly admonition made the fire leap into Hope's eyes, his face flush, every muscle of his body stiffen with new resolve. Not trusting himself to speak, he bowed his acknowledgment.

After that there was no more moping. The perilous illness of the President, occurring at this time, inspired all classes with anxiety, and knit in a common bond many hearts previously driven asunder by political dispute. Hope despised himself for his late selfish indulgence in despondency. What could he—what would not he—do, now, to prove himself worthy the injunction of his peerless Commander, now lying so near to death?

He threw himself into present occupation with zeal so marked that the report of it was carried to the President in his convalescence. Shortly afterward Hope's heart was made glad by receiving orders to go on an extended journey on horseback through the Eastern States to visit certain military posts still in possession of the British, about which the President was known to feel concern, and to report his observations to the Government.

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It was a mission requiring sound knowledge of his profession, as well as diplomatic skill. His choice by highest authority for the task was equivalent to a public declaration of his deserts. When he presented himself at the President's levee to take final leave, before setting out on the expedition, Laurence met no more averted looks. All eyes beamed on him approvingly. The most important members of the Government had kind words of farewell for him, and by his contemporaries in service in the now disbanded Continental Army he was congratulated in envying terms.

One voice in the choir was silent. Arnold Warriner turned on him darkling looks, and at a men's supper given on the eve of Hope's departure got up pointedly and left the table when Hope sat down to it. The intention of insult was unmistakable; but Hope, by the advice of his friends, decided not to take notice of it. The next day he was to set out to be absent for several months in the special service of the Chief. That duty should be paramount; his own quarrels could wait.

For some time before this outburst Arnold Warriner had felt with stinging certainty that Lucilla had slipped between [illegible] He had made sure in the beginning that after a [illegible]me in which to get over her pique with Hope she would recall him to resume his rôle of cousinly consoler, from which post it would be but a step to divert her affections to himself. So convinced, he had fervently indorsed her resolution to go out of town; but his very first offer of himself as a guest at the Manor had been met by an excuse and a delay.

The presence of Mrs. Pips—an affectionate if confused witness—and of a few grave elders Eve had looked up to from childhood, gave her courage to speak in her own defense

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Arnold could understand a high-spirited woman feeling shy about again meeting one who had been witness to her despairing tears over another man's desertion; but, as weeks passed into months, and he was still kept at bay, he lost patience, objurgating Lucilla, her mother and Hope in terms hardly flattering. In an access of disappointment and wounded vanity he had even addressed to her a letter hinting that she should have more womanly pride than to remain inconsolable about Hope. To this Lucilla deftly answered that if indeed she had tried to think forgivingly of the offender it was in deference to Arnold's advice; and she should ever thank him for his recommendation to Christian charity. Whereupon Warriner, remembering how he had blown cold, then hot, in the widow's garden, again devoted Lucilla and her swain to all evil.

If he could only be sure about the state of affairs between them! Hope's exoneration from the charge brought against him to Lucilla was now known by his best friends to be complete. Already the world was beginning to accept it. Had not Lucilla, ascertaining this, offered Hope a renewal of her friendship? And was not Arnold held responsible for the slander? How else could he interpret the sarcasm of her letter? In Arnold's eyes women had no business to be sarcastic, or investigating, or anything but loving recipients of the dicta of mankind. Lucilla had evidently recovered ground to some extent. And Hope's return to cheerful looks and vigorous work was in the highest degree suspicious. Oh! if it were true that fellow had—

Arnold stopped short at the reflection of his own face in his mirror, before which he was dressing for parade. It was well Lucilla had never seen those handsome features so disturbed by black rage.

It was more than a sentimental fury that possessed him. Since the spring, events had transformed the *fainéant* ex-Captain into a desperately anxious man. His passion for high play, fostered by a complaisant age, had brought him to the brink of dishonorable ruin. Unless he could soon lay hands upon fortune through Lucilla—this incident, this intruder into the Warriner family who had stepped before him by a whim of Fate—his crash was soon to come.

Lucilla must be his. And the only obstacle was Laurence Hope!

Thus matters stood when Captain Hope was announced at headquarters to have come in for that most coveted designation for special employment by the President's own selection. Then Arnold's smouldering fire had leaped into a flame.

What was this but the effort of influential friends to rehabilitate his rival before the public gaze? After it Hope might pretend to anything! Under the influence of the galling thought, he had tried to insult Laurence before the assembled supper party. Feeling sure it had been perceived, Hope's failure to notice him in return filled his soul with frenzy. Quitting the house to wander out into the night, he carried prisoned in his breast a demon that gave him no rest from its vengeful promptings.

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Eve, sitting alone on the doorstone of her father's cottage, listened drearily to the voices of the night. Job had gone into town to deliver a piece of completed work, but at parting had addressed to her no expression of hope that she would not mind her solitude. Words between them were few in these days of her new life.

It was broad moonlight of September, and she could see the far river shining; with a companion with whom she could interchange congenial thoughts, the scene and hour would have been a luxury. But Eve was dull and still. She was thinking of days forever gone, of joys snatched from her.

She sometimes wondered if it could be true she was ever so blended with the Hopes that her thoughts and feelings were their own; that she had ever believed Laurie could be her husband. It had been so long since she had done anything but bend her head like a reed before the storm.

Eve's had been a sad trial. The scandal that had slipped like a mantle from the man had overwhelmed the woman.

The first intimation coming to Job that idle tongues were busy with the good name of his child was a visit from an elder of his church. The story, in detail, of Eve's alleged offense was then laid before him, and Eve summoned to meet an investigation behind closed doors. Either she must satisfy the church of her innocence or retire from its membership. This was to wound Job Watson in his tenderest sensibility—allegiance to the religion handed down to him by his fathers. In his rage and shame he refused to give her a personal hearing.

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The incidents of her abrupt return home, her confession of dismissal from service, her disobedience in leaving him to go back to the house of death, arose as confirmation of her guilt. Laurence Hope's manly letter exculpating the girl from any suspicion of offense leading to her discharge became a piece of specious insolence. How much more so the seemingly considerable sum of money sent as "wages due" from her late employer! Job, who had at first laid this away in his strong box with some relaxation of feeling toward the Hopes, now took it out with a dark flush upon his cheek. He would not delay a moment in sending it back, with a message of fierce and bitter rejection, to the agent through whom Hope had preferred to act. And then, with lamentations for the disgrace that had come upon his house, Job led his child before the judges who were to decide her fate.

Eve's heart bled for her father as he stood beside her throughout the ordeal. She had never seen his head bowed like this, when it was a question of banishing his child from the fold that had been the refuge of his forbears for long generations. The presence of Mrs. Pips—an affectionate if confused witness—and of a few grave elders Eve had looked up to from childhood, gave her courage to speak in her own defense. All she could do was to tell her simple story of the facts. When she had finished, an aged leader came forward and held out his hand to her.

"You have made a plain statement, my child," he said, tears starting to his eyes; "and I'll venture to say there's not one of us few who have met here to pass on you to-day but what feels you have spoken truth. But we must confer together, and God grant all the rest are of my mind."

Then only Eve cast herself in a passion of weeping into her father's unwilling arms.

In the end, with much deliberation, and after convicting her of the less serious offense of having been present at a performance of public theatricals the year before, Eve was

Editor's Note—This story began in the Post of June 10.

exonerated from the graver charge. Following certain discipline, she was to be reëstablished in her old place in the church.

The shame of the ordeal had fallen like a lash upon her father's spirit. She felt it would be to him a lifelong humiliation, and the sight of her in his house a continual offense.

Their days together, after this, were intolerably strained. For a time Eve went about her household tasks in dumb endurance of her lot. Now and again the thought of what she had lost in renouncing Laurie's love swept over her like a flood, and she felt she must see him and speak to him, or die. But for the most part she was heroically calm.

Once the idea came to her to relieve her father of her presence by taking a room in the town and getting work on her own account. With a feeling of new life at the prospect, she went to consult Mrs. Pips, who received her with effusive welcome. But at the first disclosure of the girl's ambitions the good woman mournfully told her the scheme had objections she had not thought of!

"Oh, my dear! it goes against me to give you pain—I that well knows what trouble is," said the dame. "It isn't that I'd fear to take you in, and charge you as little for it, too, as anybody in the street, for my spare room is empty now. And I don't doubt the gentry 'ud come back to you in time. There ain't many hands at a needle like you, and they know it. But no matter what your church said, there'll be people to always be casting what was charged against you, like mud on your skirts as you walk by. If you leave your father now they'll be gospel sure you're in the wrong. It's only sticking by him till the thing's forgotten that'll help you in the least."

"I think nothing can help me," said Eve in a low, distressful tone as she turned to walk away. When she had gone some distance she came back and cried in the old woman's bosom, and was cried over in return.

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After that it was again silent suffering, until her loneliness grew almost more than she could bear. In her desperate isolation she often thought of Luke Adamson. So long had he stayed away that she was conscious of a sickening fear lest he belonged to the body of those still unconvinced of her rectitude. It seemed natural that he, more than another, should feel the sting of these charges against the woman everybody knew he had long hoped to win. If he would only give her a chance to set him right!

But Luke had not appeared; and Job, little gifted with tact, had outspokenly told Eve the lad knew better than to have people say he was still hanging on to a girl that had been disgraced before the church.

At the moment when, sitting under the moonbeams, her thoughts had again reverted to her humble lover, Eve was startled by the figure of a man with his hand upon the garden gate. Her throb of despairing hope that it might be Laurie was dashed away by the approach of Luke Adamson.

"I met your father carrying back Judge Chater's escritoire," he said, after bidding her a shy good-evening and sitting down at the other end of the step, "so I knew you would be alone. Do you like heliotrope?—a gardener gave me this."

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"I love it!" cried Eve, receiving the large cluster he held out and burying her face in its luscious blossoms. "We have only common flowers as yet, but next year, if my father is willing, I mean to have a fine border."

"Aren't there some things that would bloom this autumn that we could set out now?" he asked, relieved by her acceptance of his token. "I know that gardener well. He is the Scot who laid out those famous beds in that grand house in Broadway—the ones everybody stops to look at through the railings—they call it Widow Warriner's."

"Oh! I don't want them," interrupted Eve, letting fall her heliotrope into her lap and sitting upright in a sort of defiant pose.

Poor Luke could not know that the name he had mentioned brought back the most poignant of all Eve's sufferings—her first glimpse of the splendid Lucilla in the Hopes' drawing-room, and her instant conviction that this was Laurie's love.

"No offense meant," said the young man, after an awkward silence.

"Please, Luke, don't mind me if I seem fretful and nervous. I see so few people that I'm forgetting how to behave. Indeed, when you came I'd just been thinking of you and wishing for the hundredth time that you'd take it into your head to come and see an old friend, who, though appearances are against her, has never done anything to forfeit your good opinion."

"As if I'd ever thought so!" he cried. "Eve, I've been just hungering to come, but your father told me my visits would not be welcome. And I could feel for myself that the sight of a man who loved you would be always reminding you of him you'd lost. If I'd had the right to be by your side, do you think I'd have left you alone through such trials? Eve, lassie, I sometimes think girls like you can't picture to themselves what they rouse in a man's heart. If you did, you'd not be fancying I could stay away unless it was because I loved you better than I love myself. But this isn't what I came for——"

"You believed in me from the first?" she interrupted, soothed by the delicious sense that here, at last, was one who had felt her sorrows as his own.

"Never for one minute did I doubt you. If I had, I'd ha' killed him, instead of calling him my friend."

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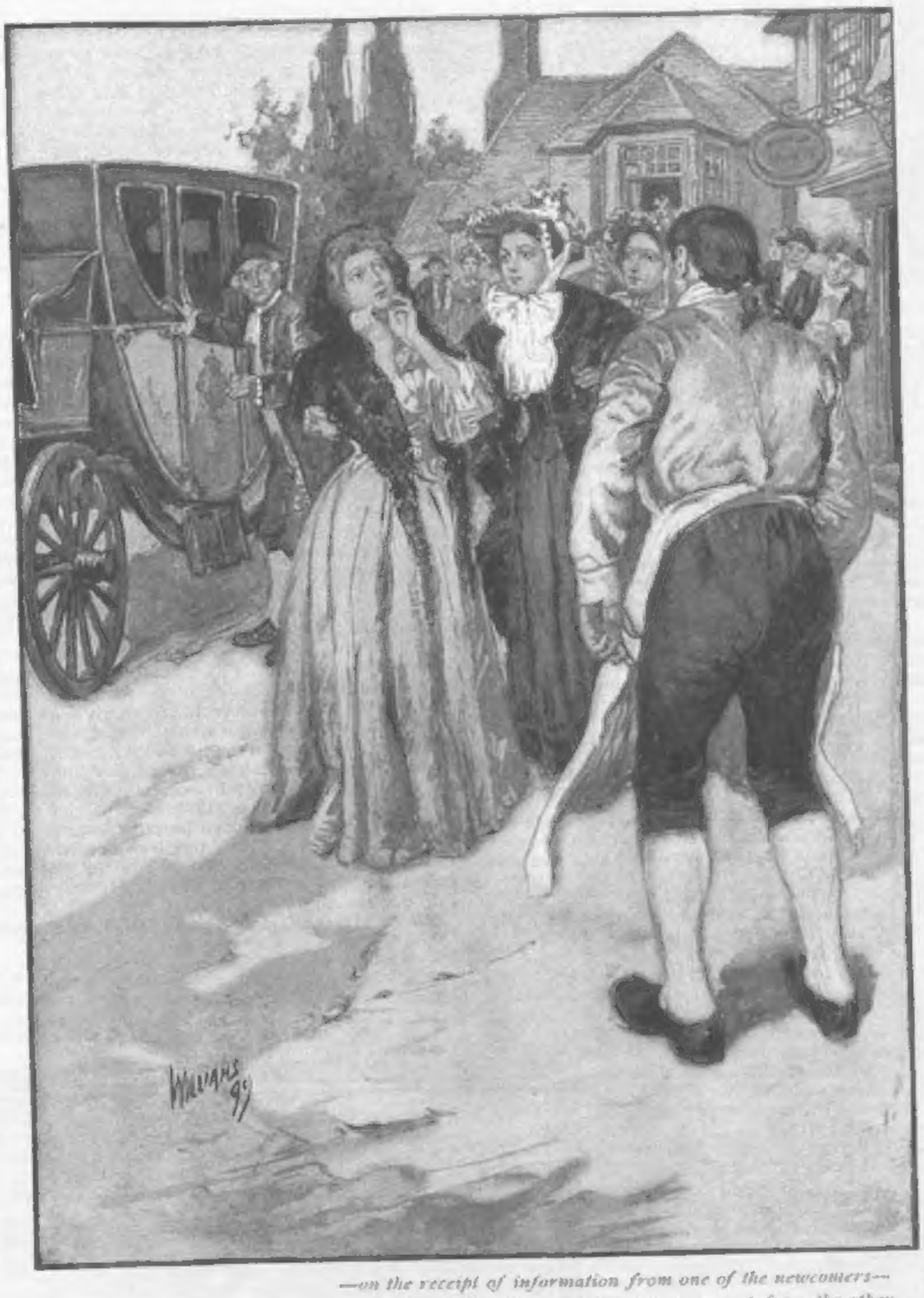
"Him—you have seen Captain Hope?" she asked eagerly.

"All summer he and I have been meeting and talking about you, and plotting to help you. But in this sort of case a young man is worse than nothing, Eve, and we had both the sense to know that, to serve you, we must keep away from you."

"I suppose so," she said, sighing. "But, ah! what heartaches it would have saved me to feel that he—that you——" She stopped, confused.

"Eve, he came to me first, because you had told him I was to be trusted. And you will trust me now, when I tell you the thought that's in your mind must not be allowed to stay there. Captain Hope has no idea of coming back to you, my dear. He has put you out of his mind for always, except as a brave, true girl who has suffered through his fault. He would give anything in the world to undo what has been done. But he can't, and I can't. Nothing can, but time. Some day he hopes to meet you again, but not now."



—on the receipt of information from one of the newcomers—supplemented by a breathless announcement from the other—interrupted by the first speaker, and then chorused by both, Mrs. Warriner was seen to totter and grow pale

He paused for a moment, but Eve did not answer. Then, catching his breath, the man went on again:

"You were not the only sufferer, Eve. The Captain, too, had sore trials coming out of your affairs. It is only just now that he's beginning to look and act like himself again. Now, dear, let me tell you what he's made me do for you—take into my charge that money coming to you from the Hope estate that he says is yours by right. He can't touch it, if you won't; and so I've promised to hold it, subject to your claim. He's been urging this on me a long time, but I held back, and to-day he has persuaded me to do it, and to come here and tell you, without putting it off another day. He thinks you need me, Eve, and God grant he's right!"

"I do need you, Luke. My heart would have broken soon if some one had not come," she said, swallowing a sob.

It was a critical moment for Luke, who was yearning to clasp her to his heart and carry her away into his home forever. But he had gone there determined to be impersonal, and would not yield.

"The Captain gave me a message for you, Eve. He said I was to beg you, for his sake, to call on *me* whenever anything or anybody makes life hard for you. He wanted to be sure there'll be some one to stand by you through thick and thin."

"He is—what is he going to do?" she asked, her heart beating quick.

"That's my news, Eve. I'm afraid it may give you pain, but it's the best thing that could happen to the Captain. He's going away on a long journey of three or four months. It's a great chance for him, and he's rare proud of it, I tell you."

"Going away?" Eve repeated blankly. Nothing that Luke could do or say could alter the force of that. All these sad months of separation she had been at least able to think of him as near her, and to know that he was well.

"Yes, 'twasn't fit for him to be moping on here; and you and I must be glad for him, Eve. He asked me to say good-by for him, and to tell you that, whatever comes, he'll always be your loyal and devoted friend. I wish I could speak like the Captain, Eve, but I can't. I'm only a plain working man, without education, down at the bottom of the ladder, while he's at the top. If the time ever comes when I or mine could befriend him, I'd be glad to do it, for he's given me the chance of my life. I've kept this for the last, Eve! He's got me the contract to build a big warehouse that's going up on some city lots, once belonging to the Hopes, that were bought in by a friend of his father's. And if our town goes on spreading over this island, as it's like to do, and I give satisfaction as a master builder, there'll be more work of the kind to follow. I'm to go to-morrow and sign the papers. How's that for a beginning, Eve? No job-work after this, if I succeed."

"Dear Luke, you deserve the best always," she said, "and I am thankful that you've found such a friend."

"It is you that found him for me, in the beginning, Eve, and I won't say that I didn't at first mistrust him mightily. But he's a man, every inch of him, and if your father were to ask me I'd say so to his face. But as long as water runs to the sea you'd never get Job Watson to think any better of such as Captain Hope as a husband for you than the Captain's people thought of you as a wife for him. Don't shrink from me, Eve. I'm not going to hurt you any more. I had to say this to make all straight between us."

"You don't hurt me; but wait a minute!" she said feverishly. Luke was silent, and together they thus remained for a long time. Then she began to speak to him of things irrelevant.

When Eve lay down to rest that night she was, despite the touch upon her sorest spot, happier than for weeks past. The knowledge that Laurence had been watching over her, though from afar, blended with the comfort of Luke's tender if homely words. Poor Luke! He had done her more good than anybody, even if he could not fill the void in her breast! The world was not all desolate, now that she had tasted some of the love and sympathy her nature craved.

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While these things were going on in town, we may hark back to the beginning of Mistress Lucilla's experience as a world-renouncing celibate amid the forests around her beautiful home on the Hudson.

After about a week of it her spirits flagged, her tasks lacked interest. Neither books, work, exercise on the pianoforte, nor visits to the poor on her estate gave her comfort. Still-room, dairy, poultry yard, stables—all palled on her fancy. Forever and ever she was thinking how she hated Laurence Hope.

With her cousin Arnold's disclosure still rankling in her mind, after her first burst of jealous anger against Hope in which she had declared she would never look upon his face again, had she not mercifully and graciously reconsidered that determination? Had not she on the spur of the moment ordered her chairmen to carry her across to the Hopes' house, determining to give her lover the most generous proof of her continuing trust in him? And once there, what spectacle had met her gaze? Laurence standing as close as he could get beside that little red-haired person—bending over her with every expression of affectionate solicitude, and oh! horrors—stroking her hair!

It would be of no possible use for him to try to get over that. Let him marry whom he would! Mrs. Warriner wanted nothing of a man who could stroke another woman's hair—red hair!—flaming!

All her sweetness was turned to gall by this disclosure; she returned home and resigned herself never to think of happiness again. When a letter in Hope's handwriting had come to her one evening she had pounced upon it, and then by an exercise of heroic fortitude had locked it up unread. Two days later another missive came. Mrs. Warriner, finally inclosing both of them unopened in a sheet of paper, sealed twice with her husband's seal displaying the Warriner coat-of-arms, sent them back to the writer. The next day she left town. After that she had heard from him no more.

Later in the summer a letter from Miss Polly Clinton had given her the information that people were coming round to

think better of that scandal about Laurence Hope. In Polly's next letter Hope's justification was set forth at greater length. And the third carried with it this balm for Lucilla's heart: "Captain Hope had not set eyes on Miss Watson since his parents' funeral." With this Lucilla was obliged to be content; but she held Arnold accountable for much of her trouble, and treated him accordingly.

In this frame of mind, dewy June, hot July and sultry August had passed over the Lady of the Manor. September, well past its middle, having given up its struggle to be reckoned among the summer months, was coming out bravely as a beauty in decline.

The hills on either side of the river, that here widened into a glassy lake specked with the sails of laggard craft, were beginning to be touched with purple and orange and crimson; apples were dropping in her orchards; the flight of ducks southward had begun; Lucilla's wood-walks were enlivened by the noise of full-grown coveys under command of Bob White, the squirrel's fussy note, and the loud tapping of woodpeckers. And in the general stir of Nature toward provision against the chill future, Mrs. Warriner began to realize that she was tired of living by herself.

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Madam Chester, who had her own reasons for satisfaction with the situation, noticed the symptoms of her daughter's state and took alarm. She had enjoyed a good long rest from her prevalent anxiety. In town, every breeze that blew threatened a husband who might send his mother-in-law into banishment. What a relief to pass the days without having Arnold Warriner marching up to the front door, or seeing Laurence Hope's *chapeau bras* lying upon the table! No one could imagine the strain it had been never to know when the former might come to a halt for good inside of Lucilla's front-door, or the hat be hung up with an expression of proprietary right in the hall!

Lucilla had not realized her talent as a dissembler until she found her mother in ignorance of her real feeling toward these two. She sometimes amused herself by playing upon the good lady's fears.

"I have been thinking, mamma, that it would be a polite attention to invite Betsy Crewe to pass a week or two with us. And there is poor Polly Clinton, who needs a change, since she has just been nursing her mother in bilious fever. They can come by the stage-coach to 'The Green Man,' whence the chariot and I will fetch them."

"Would not such gay creatures feel imposed upon by the dullness of our seclusion?" replied the dowager, snuffing the wind. "Might they not be expecting the society of beaus?"

"Even so," answered Lucilla smiling. "I fancy we could render ourselves endurable to one or two gentlemen of my acquaintance should I bid them to the Manor."

"Any one but that designing Captain Warriner," cried her mother, unmasking boldly. "I'll vow, Lucilla, I can't promise to treat him with common civility. And I fear me Captain Hope is not much better."

"I think neither one of those you mention will be likely to come here now," answered Mrs. Warriner with sudden gravity. "On the whole, we will leave Adam out of our Eden and have the girls alone."

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When Mrs. Warriner's traveling-chaise, drawn by four fine, mouse-colored steeds all a-sweat, pulled up before the door of the road-side hostelry known as "The Green Man," where it was the custom of the stage-coach from New York to stop to feed passengers and change horses, the lady inside spied waiting for her on the porch two roseate faces, enframed in large calashes of green silk.

These were none other than her expected guests from town, who, through the mischance of one of her horses casting a shoe, had been kept waiting at the tavern some time after the conveyance that brought them had jogged northward.

A painter in *genre* might have found excuse for lingering upon the scene. The little inn, nestling under the shoulder of a high hill, was surrounded by an Old-World garden where sunflower and snap-dragons blended with asparagus and onions. At the back were stables and coach-houses, in size, like the signboard, out of all proportion with the tiny place. In the middle distance a group of country people and children stood gaping at the unwonted presence of lady visitors in great coats of dove-gray, lined with rose color, carrying in their hands flowered bandboxes, and surrounded by stylish portmanteaus. And before the steps stood a vehicle known and admired over the whole countryside, whilst a footman was just letting down the steps to allow the exit of the lady of Warriner Manor. When Lucilla was seen to submerge herself successively in the embraces of her Betsy and her Polly, there was a general feeling among the assemblage that, the height of spectacular effect having been attained, they might as well be preparing to go home.

What, therefore, was their astonishment when, on the receipt of information from one of the newcomers—supplemented by a breathless announcement from the other—interrupted by the first speaker, and then chorused by both, Mrs. Warriner was seen to totter and grow pale, and sink again into the arms of her friends. The landlord, who brought her a glass of water and received the usual assurance that she was "better now," finally helped to put the three ladies into the chaise. After, with much pomp of footmen and postilion, the vehicle had rolled away, the spectators flocked forward to know what had occurred.

Landlord Nixon, a satisfactory neighbor, in that he never tantalized by holding back news too long, was prompt to relieve anxiety. There had been a duel down York way—of which the coach had previously brought details—between two young sprigs of the gentry, fighting for Heaven knows what. A Captain Hope—the challenged party—had been badly wounded by Madam's cousin, Captain Arnold Warriner, and was not expected to survive.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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The CONJURING CONTEST

By Paul Laurence Dunbar

THE whole plantation was shocked when it became generally known that Bob, who had been going with Viney for more than a year, and for half that time had publicly escorted her to and from meeting, had suddenly changed, and bestowed his affections upon another. It was the more surprising, for Viney was a particularly good-looking girl, while the new flame, Cassie, was an ill-favored woman lately brought over from another of the Mordaunt plantations.

It was one balmy Sunday evening that they strolled up from the quarters' yard together, arm in arm, and set wagging the tongues of all their fellow-servants.

Bob's mother, who was sitting out in front of her door, gave a sigh as her son passed with his ungainly sweetheart. She was still watching them with an unhappy look in her eyes, when Mam' Henry, the plantation oracle, approached and took a seat on the step beside her.

"Howdy, Mam' Henry," said Maria.

"Howdy, Maria; how you come on?"

"Oh, right peart in my body, but I'm kin' o' 'sturbed in my min'."

"Huh, I reckon you is 'sturbed in yo' min'!" said the old woman keenly. "Maria, you sholy is one blin' 'ooman."

"Blin'? I don' know whut you mean, Mam' Henry; how's I blin'?"

"You's blin', I tell you. Now, whut you s'pose de mattah wid yo' Bob?"

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"De mattah wid him? Dat des whut trouble my min'. Mam' Henry, hit's to think dat dat boy o' mine 'u'd be so thickle-minded!"

"Uh!"

"Hyeah he was a-gwine 'long o' Viney, whut sholy is a lakly gal, an' a peart one, too; den all o' a sudden he done change his min', an' tek up wid dat ol' ha'd-time lookin' gal. I don' know whut he t'inkin' 'bout."

"You don' know whut he t'inkin' 'bout? Co'se you don' know whut he t'inkin' 'bout, an' I don' know whar yo' eyes is, dat you can't see somep'n' dat's des ez plain ez de nose on yo' face."

"Well, I 'low I mus' be blin', Mam' Henry, 'ca'se I don' understan' it."

"Whut you reckon a lakly boy lak Bob see on dat gallus niggah?"

"I don' know, Mam' Henry, but dey do say she bake mighty fine biscuits, an' you know Bob's min' moughty close to his stomach."

"Biscuits, biscuits," snorted the old woman; "'tain't no biscuits got dat man crazy. Hit's roots, I tell you; hit's roots!"

"Mam' Henry, fo' de Lawd, you don' mean——"

The old woman leaned solemnly over to her companion and whispered dramatically: "He's conju'ed; dat's whut he is!"

Maria sprung up from the doorway and stood gazing at Mam' Henry like a startled animal; then she said in a hurried voice: "Whut! dat huzzy conju' my chile? I—I—I'll kill huh; dat's whut I will."

"Yes, you kill huh, co'se you will. I reckon dat'll tek de spell offen Bob, won't hit? Dat'll keep him f'om hatin' you, an' des pinin' erway an' dyin' fu' huh, won't hit, uh?"

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Maria sank down again in utter helplessness, crying: "Conju'ed, conju'ed; oh, whut shell I do?"

"Fus' t'ing," said Mam' Henry, "you des set up an' ac' sensible. Aftah dat I'll talk to you."

"Go on, Mam' Henry; I's a-listenin' to you. Conju'ed, conju'ed, my boy! Oh, de——"

"Heish up, an' listen to me. Befo' Bob put on his shoes termorrer mornin' you slip a piece o' silvah in de right one, flat in de middle, whah he won't feel it. You want to fin' out how he's conju'ed, an' des' how bad it is. Ef she ain't done nuffin' but planted somep'n' roun' de do' fu' him, why I reckon des sowin' salt'll brek de spell; but ef she's cotch him in his eatin's you'll have to see a reg'lar conju' doctah' fo' you kin wo'k dat out. I ain' long-haided myse'f; but I got a frien' dat is."

"But, Mam' Henry, how I gwine tell how bad de conju' is?"

"Huh, gal, you don' know nuffin'! Ef de silvah tu'ns right black, w'y, he's cotched bad, an' ef it only tu'ns kin' o' green he's only middlin' tricked."

"How long I got to wait 'fo' I knows?"

"Let him wah de silvah th'ee er fo' days, an' den let me see it."

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Maria did as she was told, placing a dime in the bottom of her son's shoe, and at the expiration of the alloted time, with eyes fear and wonder wide, she took the coin to her instructor. Whether from working in the field all day the soil had ground into Bob's shoe and discolored the coin, or whether it had attracted some subtle poison from the wearer's body, is not here to be decided. From some cause the silver piece was as dark as copper.

Mam' Henry shook her head over it. "He sho' is cotched bad," she said. "I reckon she done cotched him in his eatin's; dat de wuss kin'. You tek dat silvah piece an' th'ow it in de runnin' watah."

Maria hesitated; this was part of a store she was saving for a particular purpose.

"W'y does I has to do dat, Mam' Henry?" she asked. "Ain' dey no othah way?"

"Go 'long, gal; whut's de mattah wid you? You do ez I tell you. Don' you know dat anyt'ing you buy wid dat money'd be bad luck to you? Dat ah dime's chuck-full o' goophah, clah to de rim."

So, trembling with fear, Maria hastened to the branch and threw the condemned coin into it, and she positively asserted to Mam' Henry on her return that the water had turned right black and thick where the coin sunk.

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"Now, de nex' t'ing fu' you to do is to go down an' see my frien', de conju' doctah. He live down at de fo'ks o' de road, des back o' de ole terbaccer house. Hit's a skeery place, but you go dah ter-night, an' tell him I sont you, an' he lif' de spell. But don' you go down dah offerin' to pay him nuffin, 'ca'se dat 'stroy his cha'ms. Aftah de wo'k done, den you gin him whut you want, an' ef it ain't enough he put de spell back on ergin. But mustn' nevah ax a conju' doctah whut he chawge, er pay him 'fo' de cha'm wo'k, no mo'n you mus' say thanky fu' flowah seed."

About nine that night, Maria, frightened and trembling, presented herself at the "conju' doctah's" door. The hut itself was a grewsome looking place, dark and dilapidated. The yard surrounding it was overrun with a dense growth of rank weeds which gave forth a sickening smell as Maria's feet pressed them. The front window was shuttered, and the sagging roof sloped down to it, like the hat of a drunken man over a bruised eye.

The mew of a cat, the shuffling of feet and a rattle of glass followed the black woman's knock, and Maria pictured the terrible being within hastening to put away some of his terrible decoctions before admitting her. She was so afraid that she had decided to turn and flee, leaving Bob to his fate, when the door opened and the doctor stood before her.

He was a little, wizened old man, his wrinkled face the color of parchment. The sides of his head were covered with a bush of gray hair, while the top was bald and blotched with brown and yellow spots. A black cat was at his side, looking with evil eyes at the visitor.

"Is you de conju' doctah?" asked Maria.

He stepped back that she might enter, and closed the door behind her. "I's Doctah Bass," he replied.

"I come to see you—I come to see you 'bout my son. Mam' Henry, she sont me."

"Well, le' m' hyeah all erbout it." His manner was reassuring, if his looks were not, and somewhat encouraged, Maria began to pour forth the story of her woes into the conjure doctor's attentive ear. When she was done he sat for a while in silence, then he said:

"I reckon she's got some o' his ha'r—dat meks a moughty strong spell in a 'ooman's han's. You go back an' bring me some o' de 'ooman's ha'r, an' I fix it, I fix it."

"But how's I gwine git any o' huh ha'r?"

"Dat ain' fu' me to say; I des' tell you whut to do."

Maria backed out of the bottle-filled, root-hung room, and flew home through the night, with a thousand terrors pressing hard upon her heels.

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All next day she wondered how she could get some of her enemy's hair. Not until evening did the solution of the problem come to her, and she smiled at its simplicity. When Cassie, her son's unwelcome sweetheart, came along, she stepped out from her cabin door and addressed her in terms that could mean but one thing—fight. Cassie attacked Maria tooth and nail, but Maria was a wiry little woman, and when Bob separated the two a little later his mother was bruised, but triumphant, for in her hand she held a generous bunch of Cassie's hair.

"You foun' out a way to git de ha'r," said the conjure doctor to her that night, "an' you ain't spahed no time a-gittin' it."

He was busy compounding a mixture which looked to Maria very much like salt and ashes. To this he added a brown thing which looked like the dried liver of some bird. Then he put in a portion of Cassie's hair. The whole of this he wrapped up in a snake's skin and put in a bag.

"Dat'll fetch him," he said, handing the bag to Maria. "You tek dis an' put it undah his baid whah he wont fin' it, an' sprinkle de res' o' dis ha'r on de blanket he lay on, an let hit stay dah seven days. Aftah dat he come roun' all right. Den you kin come to see me," he added significantly.

Clasping her treasure, Maria hastened home and placed the conjure bag under her

"Dat'll fetch him," he said, handing the bag to Maria

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son's bed, and sprinkled the short, stiff hair as she had been directed. He came in late that night, hurried out of his clothes and leaped into bed. Usually he went at once to sleep, but not so now. He rolled and tossed, and it was far past midnight before his regular breathing signified to the listening mother that he was asleep. Then with a murmured, "De conju' is a-wokin' him," she turned over and addressed herself to rest.

The next morning Bob was tired and careworn, and when asked what was the matter, responded that his dreams had been troubled. He was so tired when the day's work was over that he decided not to go and see Cassie that night. He was just about going to bed when a tap came at the cabin door, and Viney came in.

"Evenin', A'nt Maria," she said; "evenin', Bob."

"Evenin'," they both said.

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"I des run in, A'nt Maria, to bring you some o' my biscuits. Mam' Henry done gi' me a new 'ceipt fu' mekin' dem." She uncovered the crisp, brown rolls, and the odor of them reached Bob's nose. His eyes bulged, and he paused with his hand on his boot.

"La," said Maria, "dese sho' is nice, Viney. He'p yo'se'f, Bob."

Bob suddenly changed his mind about going to bed, and he and Viney sat and chatted while the biscuits disappeared. Maria discreetly retired, and she said to herself as she sat outside on the step: "Dey ain't no way fu' dat boy to 'sist dat goophah an' dem biscuits, too."

Bob's dreams were troubled again that night, and the next, and as the evenings came he still found himself too tired to go a-courting. All this was not lost on the watchful mother, and she duly reported matters to Mam' Henry, who transferred her information to Cassie in the following manner:

"Hit sholy don' seem right, Sis' Cassie, w'en Bob gwine' long o' you, fu' him to be settin' up evah night 'long o' dat gal Viney."

And Cassie, who was a high-spirited girl, replied:

"Uh, let de niggah go 'long; I don' keer nuffin' 'bout him."

Next time she met Bob she passed without speaking to him, and, strange to say, he laughed, and didn't seem to care, for Mam' Henry's biscuit receipt had made Viney dearer to him than she had ever been. Up until the eighth night his dreams continued to be troubled, but on that night he slept easily, and dreamed of Viney, for Maria had removed the conjure bag and had thrown it into running water. What is more, she had shaken the hair out of the blanket.

The first evening that Bob felt sufficiently rested to go out skylarking it was with Viney he walked, and the quarters nodded and wondered. They walked up to the master's house, where the momentous question was asked and favorably answered. Then they came back radiant, and Viney set out some biscuits and preserves in her cabin to clinch it, and invited Maria and Mam' Henry to share them with Bob and her.

That night sundry things from the big house, as well as lesser things from Maria's cabin, found their way to the "conju' doctah's." The things from the big house were honestly procured, but it took the telling of the whole story by Maria to get them.

When she had gone, her master, Dudley Stone, laughed to himself, and said with true Saxon incredulity: "That old rascal, Bass, is a sharp one. I think lying on Cassie's hair would trouble anybody's dreams, conjure or no conjure, and if Viney learned to make biscuits like Mammy Henry she needed no stronger charm."

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HOW TO REGULATE MOSQUITOES

By C. E. WILLIAMS

"IT IS comparatively easy to abolish the mosquito," said Dr. L. O. Howard, the "bugologist" of the Department of Agriculture at Washington, who is probably the highest authority on the subject of insect life in the United States. "It can be done with a shovel, or with a fish net, or an oil can, according to the circumstances and conditions.

"The adult mosquito lives through the winter hidden in the cracks of houses and barns, in haymows, cellars, the bark of trees or under the leaves, and hibernates like a bear. It lives on the air, and needs no other food. The warm weather wakens the women folk of the mosquito kingdom. An ordinary male mosquito isn't worth much. He can't sting, he can't help or harm anybody, and all he exists for is to reproduce his species. When he has done that he dies. The female mosquito, however, has a good deal of business to attend to. She is the working member of the family. She is the only one that can bite and suck blood. But as in the case of birds, the male carries the elaborate plumage, and you can distinguish him by the feathery plumes upon his head.

"It is possible for an entire generation of mosquitoes to be developed in two weeks—two days for laying the eggs, eight days to be spent as larvæ or wigglers, and three days for the pupæ state—which often occurs in hot weather, and that is the reason why we have so many mosquitoes in the summer.

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"The first business of the female mosquito is to provide for her posterity, and she finds some quiet pool where she can lay her eggs. After that is done she can go out for fun and frolic. Her natural food is the juice of plants, and she attacks animals and human beings only as a matter of diversion or dissipation. But of the billions of mosquitoes, only a very small portion ever have any fun of that kind. It is left for the enjoyment of those fortunate insects who are born in the neighborhood of summer hotels and other places inhabited by men and animals.

"A mosquito enjoys a baked potato or a watermelon rind, and loves to drink beer. But usually, like the rest of us, she has a struggle for existence, and it is only generous to remember that when a mosquito bites you the poor thing has to get a living somehow, and by the laws of Nature has just as good a right to suck your blood as you have to eat a beefsteak or swallow an oyster."

"Do mosquitoes serve any useful purpose?"

"If so, it is very limited," said Doctor Howard. "The theory that they suck in miasma is generally believed, and perhaps there is something in it. It is entirely true that while in the larvæ condition they consume a large amount of micro-organisms which might otherwise be harmful to man, but that is trifling compared with the injury and the annoyance they cause.

"Recent researches by Surgeon-Major Ross, of the British Army, in India, and by an Italian naturalist named Gassi, have demonstrated that mosquitoes can and do aid in the distribution of malaria—a theory which, by the way, was originally advanced by Dr. A. F. A. King, of the Cosmos Club, in Washington. They have determined that the mosquito is what they call a 'secondary host' of the disease—that is, in sucking blood a mosquito will absorb malarial germs into her own system, where they undergo development, and may be communicated to the next person she bites.

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"In other words, a female mosquito may transfer a diseased germ from one body to another. That is as far as they have got, but the inquiries are still going on. Doctor Finley, of Havana, has demonstrated that yellow fever germs have been communicated by mosquitoes. No, I don't think you can credit the mosquito with contributing anything to the welfare of mankind. In early youth, when she is a wiggler she may destroy some pathogenic bacteria, but even that is not fully proven.

"It used to be the belief that a mosquito died when she sucked the blood of a victim, but that is not true. After filling herself with blood she must retire to seclusion in order to digest it, but after thirty-six hours or so she is ready to resume business. The natural life of a mosquito is about one year, but they usually die two or three weeks after hatching.

"You find them everywhere. Arctic explorers have been terribly annoyed by them, and their endurance is indicated when they hibernate in the snow and ice during the long winters.

"There are many localities in which the mosquito scourge may be done away with. In all small, stagnant pools the best remedy is to pour kerosene oil upon the surface of the water. A small amount will suffice, as it spreads itself readily. When the young come up for air, they die. Kerosene oil kills all insects by contact.

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"The large stretches of swampy land and brackish marshes along the seacoast are the most prolific breeding grounds, where, of course, it is impracticable to use kerosene. Drainage, however, is a perfect remedy. If you can get rid of the water you can get rid of the mosquito. That has been tried on a large scale at several places along the Atlantic coast with great success. By introducing drainage you not only destroy the mosquitoes, but reclaim valuable land.

"In ponds, tanks or reservoirs in which water is kept for use it is, of course, inexpedient to use kerosene oil, but the same object can be accomplished by the introduction of minnows, perch, or any small fish that will eat the wigglers.

"Several other remedies have been proposed," said Doctor Howard in conclusion, "but they are usually useless. There is a statement going the rounds of the press that permanganate of potash is a certain remedy; that a handful of the chemical thrown into a ten-acre swamp will oxidize the water and kill all the wigglers, but that is ridiculous. A large amount of the stuff will doubtless destroy the mosquitoes in a small body of water, but it would take several wagon-loads to disinfect a ten-acre swamp."

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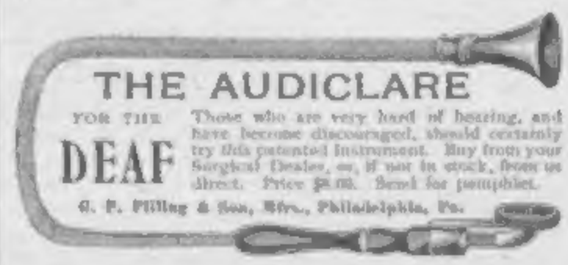

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Books of the Week

*Mr. James at His Best

IN THIS latest book of his, The Awkward Age, Mr. James carries both his manner and his method to their utmost extreme. He turns his back on the curious experiments which have lately occupied him, and displays more richly than ever before those qualities of style and of construction which his readers expect of him. Moreover, as it seems to me, he makes such happy escape as he has never achieved before from the defects of those qualities; which is but another way of saying that I suspect this book of being a strong candidate for the position of his masterpiece.

I cannot speak of Mr. James' work as a quite impartial critic, because I am in the category of oft-disappointed admirers. After giving us books which one could only praise with thanksgiving, he became, it seems to me, so enamored of his method, so intoxicated with his subtle analyses and his inimitable spinning of psychical cobwebs, that he neglected to provide raw material for his marvelous craftsmanship to work upon. The substance of his art became too tenuous. Moreover, in seeking a precision beyond preciseness his transparent phrases grew too long and let the attention slip. It became possible, even, to let a new book by Mr. James go unread in the faith that the one to follow it would do just as well.

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But now the master has aroused himself. Here, in these exquisite pages, every character reveals itself before us gradually, inevitably, as in ordinary life. The workmanship is astonishingly solid and sincere. There is no cheap artifice; there are no startling situations to force the leading actors to show their hands, as it were, and so suffer themselves to be conveniently labeled. On the contrary, each man, woman, child, uncovers his heart unconsciously, under this wizard's sleepless eye. The consistency of the drawing, the delicacy of the shading, are beyond praise; and under this Meissonier delineation of a brilliantly complex life we perceive little by little the essential simplicity of human motive.

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†How it Feels to be Young

SO ADMIRABLE a book as the one just spoken of puts the reviewer in a good humor, and as a consequence I find myself unwilling to write of any of those new stories which the month brings forward except such few as I can praise. Mr. Le Gallienne's story of Young Lives is one of these; but I venture to prophesy that it will be most plentifully misunderstood, and will get more knocks than nuts. It is so absolutely unpretentious, so absolutely simple, that the critics are more than likely to demand of it what it never sets out to give. As a story it is quite the slightest thing imaginable. The acts and feelings—more particularly the feelings—of a very modest English household constitute the whole material. The Young Lives which focus the reader's interest upon themselves are those of the eldest son and daughter of the household and of their respective loves. The fortunes of these four are traced only through those few but ecstatic years when childhood is hastening to quench its hopes in experience.

The scene is laid in two adjoining commercial cities called Tyre and Sidon, which would seem, on fairly adequate evidence, to be Liverpool and Birkenhead. Not a great deal happens, at least from the point of view of a dull "grown-up." In fact, as one thinks the story over one wonders why it did not seem dull in the reading. Yet it held the interest from start to finish in a way that no mere delicacy of craftsmanship, no mere niceties of style and fancy could do for any length of time.

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The story has very much the air of one of those Prose Fancies in which Mr. Le Gallienne has given us hitherto, perhaps, his most distinctive and permanent work. It has delicacy and adequacy, and a sort of radiant suggestiveness throughout, as have so many of the Prose Fancies. But it has much more. Sincerity, earnest and simple human feeling, and vivid presentation of character are not perhaps the most usual excellences of Mr. Le Gallienne's work; but they are markedly in evidence here, and they make this slender book a very noteworthy success.

There are some pungently transparent portraits of contemporaries, and there are grounds for suspicion that the work is nothing less than autobiography in disguise. But this, though heightening its interest, does not affect its importance as a piece of literature. Its most marked defect, I think, is one which too often shows itself in Mr. Le Gallienne's work—that of sentimentality. His sentiment is good; his sentimentality, when he falls into it, is not less unpleasant than that of less distinguished persons. Many of the pages which deal with the hero and his Angel are rather cloying to a robust taste.

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‡A New Writer Worth Watching

IN THE volume of short stories called Men's Tragedies I find qualities which seem to me very like those we associate with the word genius; but I find them mixed with great immaturity.

Such a tale as that of The Man Who Fell could only be written out of a plentiful inexperience of life. The hero of it would be desperately funny if there were not a certain power lurking about every page and enforcing respect. There is a unity of motion and manner running through all the stories, and bringing them together in such a way that the book produces a definite effect and gains an air of bigness seldom achieved by a collection of short stories. The interest is sustained, in the main, by the intensity with which the author feels his situations. Though I have spoken of immaturity, there is little of this fault to be found in the style, which is almost always admirable. It continually shows that kind of excellence which comes, not by taking thought, but by favor of the muse. It seems to me worth while to watch for what Mr. Risley may do next.

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§A Title that Tempts Critics

MR. HENRY SETON MERRIMAN shows courage in all his books; but surely it was sheer audacity in him to give his latest work such a title as Dross. It is tempting Providence, and the critics—which is, of course, much the same thing in the end. In fact, the story is rather light and cheap, for Mr. Merriman. It falls far below such a book as The Sowers in epigrammatic sparkle, in incisiveness, and in conscientious differentiation of character. Compared with this writer's very best it savors of pot-boiling, but such amazingly clever and entertaining pot-boiling as must be the despair of many a serious writer.

This story races through an ingenious plot to a surprise that does not miss fire, and plenty of bright things are said and done by the way. It is a book to read with pleasure, if time hangs heavy, and then to give away to some other unoccupied person.

—Charles G. D. Roberts.

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NEWS FROM BOOKLAND

Mrs. Hitchcock's Effectiveness.—Mrs. Roswell P. Hitchcock, author of Two Women in the Klondike, has gone back to the Yukon. This time she is upon a humanitarian mission. She has interested the Canadian Government in the improvement of the drainage of Dawson City, which stands in the centre of a malarial marsh.

Mrs. Hitchcock's rare beauty and personal magnetism have aroused the Dominion Cabinet, who had heretofore been deaf to the miners themselves. Mrs. Hitchcock will spend the summer in the Klondike, and if her book meets with its expected success her present adventures may lead to a sequel.

Garland and Zangwill as Chums.—Hamlin Garland and Israel Zangwill have become the closest possible chums. They sailed from this country together for Europe, and will be traveling companions during the summer. Possibly a literary partnership between the practical Canadian and the dreamer of the Ghetto may result.

Business Men in Literature.—Rich men we have in literature, and business men also. There is F. Hopkinson Smith, who is one of the largest lighthouse builders in the country, and James Alexander, of the great Equitable Life Insurance Association of New York, whose Princeton stories are still yielding his publishers a steady revenue. The third notable man is Samuel Harden Church, one of the Vice-Presidents of the Pennsylvania Company, who is commemorating the 400th anniversary of Oliver Cromwell's birth, on April 25, 1599, by bringing out in an *édition de luxe* a history of the great commoner.

From Romance to Reality.—"J. S. of Dale," the popular author of Guernsdale, is a prosperous lawyer in Boston, and while he has not forsworn literature, his practice is largely directing the bent of his present writing, as his treatise on Law and Order bears testimony. Mr. Stimson, for that is his name, has reached a high place at the Bay State bar, and has long passed that point where he looks to his pen for his support.

*The Awkward Age, by Henry James. *Harper & Brothers.*

†Young Lives, by Richard Le Gallienne. *John Lane.*

‡Men's Tragedies, by R. V. Risley. *The Macmillan Company.*

§Dross, by Henry Seton Merriman. *H. S. Stone & Co.*

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